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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE continued illness of the King, which has evoked from all classes and in all parts of the Empire the deepest sympathy, has necessitated the appointment of a Commission to exercise the authority of the Crown. The Council assembled to appoint the Commission appears to have followed the precedent of the first held by Queen Victoria after the death of the Prince Consort, when she was too overcome by her loss to attend and the Privy Councillors met in an adjoining room with a door opening into the Queen's room. The temporary vesting of power, subject to the usual limitations, in Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Prime Minister provides for the needs of the situation. May that situation be speedily altered by the King's recovery. His prime trouble has been kept in check or reduced by his physicians, but the strain on his heart has caused, and as we write these words is still causing, grave anxiety.

Mr. Baldwin's treatment of the Britten incident showed the same tact in dealing with the United States as do the majority of his speeches. It is a pity he is so busy as Prime Minister that he cannot deal more often with foreign affairs. Nobody in Washington takes Mr. Britten very seriously, although he is Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, but his suggestion for a joint meeting of members of the House of Commons and of the United States Congress undoubtedly appeals to many people on both sides of the Atlantic who are tired of the official muddling which led to the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference and to the Anglo-French Compromise. Had Mr. Baldwin taken no notice of the suggestion because it did not reach him through diplomatic channels, he would have acted "correctly" but foolishly. He has sent a reply which cannot fail to please both official and unofficial opinion in America.

Mr. Coolidge's message to Congress, which was delivered on Tuesday, should certainly dissipate the alarm of those who feared that his Armistice

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Day speech betokened a definite change in his policy. It is true that he recommends the passing of the "Fifteen Cruiser" Bill, but he has surprised everybody by suggesting that the time limit in which they should be laid down should be eliminated. As for the Kellogg Pact, of which rather naturally he spoke with enthusiasm, the chances of its ratification by the Senate have definitely improved since Mr. Hoover began his trip to Latin America. It has been brought home to the American public that if the Pact were to be ratified with a reservation about the Monroe doctrine, none of the Latin-speaking American Republics would have anything to do with it. And in many respects Mr. Coolidge is more interested in obtaining their signatures than in securing the support of European countries.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's reply to a question in the House of Commons on Monday upon the evacuation of the Rhineland has created a sensation in Paris and Berlin. In the former city the newspapers point out that the British Foreign Secretary is much more French than they are themselves, since he appears to hold the view that legally Germany must have fulfilled all the obligations of the Treaty before she can claim the foreign evacuation of her territory. This interpretation suggests that the politicians who drafted the Treaty were knaves or fools, for clearly there was not the remotest possibility that Germany could pay all the reparation claims before 1935 and Article 431 is, therefore, meaningless. We can see no reason why Sir Austen Chamberlain should have gone out of his way to anger Germany on the eve of important negotiations, after Ministers of such eminence as Mr. Baldwin, Lord Cushendun, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Churchill have spoken in favour of evacuation within the last few weeks.

The Foreign Secretary, it is true, went on to point out that for political reasons the Government "would welcome an early evacuation of the Rhineland," but his surprising legal interpretation has rather naturally caused the concluding paragraph of his reply to be overlooked. Experts are invaluable in their proper place, but it looks as though legal experts would have as unfortunate an effect on our relations with Germany as naval advisers have had on our relations with the United States. Since Germany joined the League and signed the Locarno Treaties the political aspects of the Versailles Treaty have become much more important than the legal ones. The only political question on next Monday's agenda of the League of Nations Council, which meets in Lugano, is the dispute between Poland and Lithuania, but the private discussions between the British, French and German Foreign Ministers will be of quite unusual importance.

The wave of Francophobia which has led to demonstrations throughout Italy and to the demand of the *Impero* that all French medals should be sent to a foundry, "where they could be fused for arms to be used against the enemies of our nation" is an interesting and rather alarming example of the inevitable effects of Fascismo. The

sentence passed by the Seine Assizes on Di Mordugno, who murdered the Italian Vice-Consul in Paris, is ridiculously lenient, but no more lenient than the treatment accorded to Frenchmen in similar circumstances. The failure of the jury system in France cannot possibly justify these violent Italian attacks on French foreign policy, which is in no way involved. Further, it is inevitable that, while Fascists go unsentenced for political murders they commit in their own country, anti-Fascist assassins will be dealt with lightly abroad. The incident is unfortunate, but it should not be allowed to affect the progress of the Franco-Italian negotiations now being carried on in Rome.

The Lancashire cotton trade seems about to make a serious effort to better its grave situation by tackling over-capitalization as a preliminary to combines on a large scale. The report by the Spinners' Committee presided over by a manufacturer and enjoying the support of operatives, fixes on over-capitalization as the main evil. Whether it be that or not, correction of it is clearly a condition precedent to wholesale amalgamations. But if remedial action be needed in Lancashire, it is desperately urgent in South Wales, where a yet more important trade has come to disaster and those who lived by it are in the sorest straits. All the South Wales and Monmouthshire collieries interested in the Coal Marketing Association are endeavouring to go further in co-operation. The Midland collieries, it will be remembered, fixed a quota of output over all the constituent concerns, and the Scottish scheme involved a selection of collieries; but in South Wales so far, subject to the minimum price being obtained, there was no restriction on output. The new policy in South Wales is to limit production, with a penalty on excess and a compensatory grant on deficient output. It is too early to say how far either in Lancashire or in South Wales these efforts will mitigate difficulties, but at least they are welcome as evidence of a growing will to co-operation. That will must be both strengthened and widened before the reorganization of industry on the scale that is needed can be carried out.

The lock-out in the German metal industries came to an end on Monday. The two parties have agreed to accept Herr Severing, Minister of Labour in the Coalition Cabinet, as arbitrator and to abide by his award. This decision on the part of the owners is the more significant seeing that Herr Severing is a Socialist and one who by proposing during the dispute that the Reichstag should vote a million pounds for the relief of unemployment caused by the lock-out showed where his sympathies lay. It seemed at one time that the owners might take the occasion to fight the men and the compulsory arbitration system to a finish, but public opinion has been against them from the first. But the dispute, like others before it, has shown that compulsory arbitration as set up in Germany after the war, does not make industry proof against unrest, and that owners as much as employees are prepared to flout the State when a decision goes against them. It is improbable that the end of this lock-out means the end of such attempts: sooner or later the system will have to be reconsidered.

The dispute has certain international aspects. A reconsideration—it is hoped, a final one—of Germany's Reparation payments is pending, upon which the trend of events in German industry must have a marked effect. Under "rationalization" German industry has recovered with startling rapidity; now it is becoming clear that in the revival of prosperity the workers, who have been enduring long hours and low wages, mean to claim a share. If wages rise appreciably, that must affect the ability of German industry to export goods, and it is through the export of goods that, directly or indirectly, Reparation payments must be made. There is, however, this consideration, so far as this country is concerned: a rise in German wages will tend to benefit our own sorely depressed export trade. An attempt by German industrialists to keep their workers' wages low, or even to lower them, would be watched with anxiety here, where any intensifying of competition in the international export market would be an extremely serious matter both for capital and labour.

Year after year the British Trade Commissioner in India—an exceptionally able man—reports to the Department of Overseas Trade the same weakness in the system of dealing with Great Britain's largest customer, and at last his well-grounded complaints have achieved the widespread newspaper publicity due to them. The trouble, as he sees, is that the British manufacturer thinks his task is done when he has received payment for the goods in London. He makes no attempt to follow the goods till they reach the customer. All this is usually left to the agents in India, who are nine times out of ten British firms with a multiplicity of interests of their own—jute, tea, coal, timber, shipping, insurance—and possess neither zeal for the development of the relatively small side-lines for which they accept agencies nor organizations for reaching small wholesalers and retailers. The Trade Commissioner does not say so, but it is a fact that the typical British firm in India has not a glimmer of an idea about the kind of salesmanship required. It has never felt the need of acquiring it. Its prosperity is derived from its main interests, and the side-lines are little concern to it. All this must be altered if the steady decline in export trade with India is to be checked. The Department of Overseas Trade cannot do for British manufacturers the work that is properly theirs.

Elsewhere we examine the effects likely to be produced by the application of the block grant system to health services. On Wednesday, Sir Kingsley Wood, addressing a meeting of the Conservative Health and Housing Committee, set out the Government's case for including these services in the block grant. His argument was that as, under the existing percentage system, the biggest grants go to authorities who can afford the most liberal services, it often happens that areas which badly require assistance receive little. Expenditure on maternity and child welfare services is needed urgently in distressed areas, yet at present they may get the least assistance; Sir

Kingsley claimed that under the new system not only will depressed areas benefit but also the general level of health services will be improved. What those concerned with this aspect of the Bill have to secure is that it will not tend to stultify development in areas where health services are backward. Sir Kingsley's observations should be read in conjunction with the considerations we put forward in a leading article.

On Tuesday Dr. Lang was enthroned in Canterbury Cathedral as Primate of All England, in succession to Archbishop Davidson. The ceremony is one of the most impressive in the ritual of Church or State, and was performed with great dignity. In his address the new Archbishop spoke of the difficulties with which the Church is faced. "The problems," he said, "are grave. They cannot be ignored, or covered over by any easy optimism, or allowed to drift. But, just because the issues are grave, it is a time for thinking, not for shouting." That is advice that might be applied to more matters than those now confronting the leaders of religion. Ours is an age given to shouting too often and too loudly, and to thinking too little and too loosely.

One of the most important events of the week—for those who do not believe that human welfare is exclusively the consequence of political action—is the protection of Dover's Hill, on the northern edge of the Cotswolds, from the attentions of the builder. For this great service thanks must be rendered to the generosity of Professor Trevelyan and the devoted energy of Mr. F. L. Griggs. Mr. Griggs, though best known as an etcher, is also an architect of very great ability and has given much of his time to the preservation of the beauties of Chipping Campden which lies just under Dover's Hill. His most notable achievement there hitherto has been the designing of a War Memorial which, as soon as it was completed, looked as though it had been in existence for some hundreds of years. This extension of his activities adds to the debt of those who regard Campden and its surroundings as something in the nature of a national treasure.

The first Test match at Brisbane came to an end which was almost disconcerting in the extent of our victory. The margin by which England has defeated Australia breaks all records so far as figures go: no one, of course, can tell what some of the wins by an innings in the past might have provided. But wins by an innings are in future apparently to be possible only to the side that has lost the toss. This is a development which will cause disquietude but is the logical outcome of Test match cricket as played in Australia. For the rest—we have had an ample revenge for the events of the years 1920-25. The Australians had misfortunes, but better luck would have made no difference to the result. We showed ourselves the better side in batting, bowling and fielding, and it is now for Mr. Chapman and his team to retain the moral advantage which they have thus early secured.

HEALTH SERVICES AND THE BLOCK GRANT

IN the debate on the second reading of the Local Government Reform Bill Mr. Neville Chamberlain indicated that he would be prepared to consider criticisms of his proposals for Maternity and Child Welfare Centres. Criticisms of this aspect of the Bill have been accumulating ever since its first outline was made known. They have been expressed with much skill and force. We are not wholly in agreement with the basis upon which these criticisms are drawn up, but at least we share some of the anxiety about the well-being of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres that is now being shown by women's organizations throughout the country. The Government's proposals, as they now stand, do tend to jeopardize the chances of progress in this important section of health services, and we therefore welcome Mr. Chamberlain's statement that he is prepared "to consider any amendments that are put forward" and that he will "not allow any consideration to interfere with the fullest possible development being afforded." "There is no service," Mr. Chamberlain added, "to which I personally attach more importance, and in which I take a greater interest."

Progress in Maternity and Child Welfare Centres in the last twenty years has been rapid and irregular—in the nature of onerous pioneer work—carried on by unselfish social workers, a large section of whom are still voluntary workers, not even yet in possession of all the knowledge and co-ordination needed before they can be certain that their work is being adequately performed. In many places such success as has been achieved has only been achieved under very great difficulties. Many local authorities have not yet learned to regard these services as a part of their regular routine work. Many rural and industrial districts have not yet been reached by efficient services of this kind. And even where the services given are comparatively efficient there are important gaps in their scope. They clearly demonstrate that this new branch of the public health services has not yet achieved its full activity, and that the present proposals must be subjected to a searching criticism when it is alleged by those who work in the clinics that some of the stimulus now being applied to local authorities will be withdrawn as a result of an immediate change in the system of grants.

At present all Maternity and Child Welfare Clinics which qualify for the Government grant receive from the Ministry of Health a sum equal to half of their approved expenditure, as calculated upon the basis of a percentage grant. The total annual Government grant for these purposes has now reached a sum of just over one million pounds. In the last five years the annual amount has increased by 36 per cent., an index of the extent to which the work has already expanded under the stimulus of the grant. Many clinics, but by no means all, also receive grants from their local authorities. Ministry of Health inspectors now visit all clinics which have qualified

for their grant. The Ministry is, therefore, now in a position to encourage sceptical local authorities both by the practical aid of its grant and by the practical advice of its inspectors. If the grant for these particular services is put into a "pool" with the other block grants and supervision wholly transferred from the Ministry of Health to the local authorities, it is contended that progress in the Maternity and Child Welfare centres will as a consequence tend to lag. Local authorities already known not to be too favourably disposed towards these centres may devote the grant to other purposes, and, having control both of their own grant and the Government grant, may seize the opportunity to withdraw their own grant; it is certainly unlikely that in any areas where these services are already backward local authorities will, of their own free will, provide extra money for expansion. As the annual expenditure upon these important services, in which in our view central initiative must still be preserved, is very small, there seems to be no ground for assuming that the general principles of the Bill will be in any way menaced if Mr. Chamberlain is prepared to accept their exclusion from the operation of the block grant system, at least for the first quinquennium, as is suggested in the amendment tabled by Lady Astor.

For two very strong reasons we would urge the acceptance of Lady Astor's amendment "that grants for Maternity and Child Welfare services shall not be discontinued until after the 31st day of March, 1935." The first reason is that central initiative in this particular service is still needed, especially in the rural areas where organization is difficult, and where expert advice is scanty. The second is that, like Captain Gunston, we are by no means certain that the percentage grant system, as at present operated for health services, provides all the stimulus necessary. In spite of the 36 per cent. increase in Government expenditure we would draw attention to certain paragraphs in the report of the Chief Medical Officer of Health for 1927-8. In his comment upon these services he states that "there has been small expansion of the work during the last year"; that "the amount and nature of the work carried out by local authorities still varies considerably"; that "there is evidence that certain local authorities have been forced to defer their plans for the extension of Maternity and Child Welfare schemes for financial reasons." In our view a simple percentage grant, though very useful and discriminating in the institution of a pioneer service, does not afford sufficiently substantial stimulation in very poor areas of low rateable value. In a district in which assessments are low, and where the whole of the local income is now expended on present local needs, the factor of low assessment ought to be taken into direct consideration.

By excluding these services temporarily from the operation of this Bill they are made parallel, for the time being, with educational services. Neither a simple block grant nor a simple percentage grant is the ideal grant for services of this kind. Some kind of weighting in favour of distressed areas is needed. At the present time this is achieved in the educational services by the deduction of the product of a sevenpenny rate from a grant which allows a contribution of 50

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much per head for the education of each child and 60 per cent. for the salaries of teachers. Such a grant is not a pure percentage grant; it is based upon a weighted formula which is partly a percentage grant and partly a *per capita* grant. In five years' time, when this service has been more fully developed, it may be possible to devise some similar formula which will allow for the special position of distressed areas, for the encouragement of local initiative, and for the preservation of central supervision, and which will insist upon the provision of a full equipment of qualified workers.

Nothing should now be done to endanger the progress of the Maternity and Child Welfare services—at present none too rapid according to the report of the Ministry of Health—and an open mind should be preserved upon the kind of grant that we should seek to impose upon these services in five years' time, when it is to be hoped that they may have sufficiently emerged from the pioneer stage for it to be possible to base a grant, not necessarily percentage or block, upon their eventual needs as a regular service rather than upon their temporary shortcomings. It seems probable that in five years' time this service will have become far too big for Parliament to wish to deal with it, as Mrs. E. D. Simon had suggested, by means of a private member's Bill.

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

THE new Nationalist movement in Scotland is beginning to acquire a certain political importance. How many of the Nationalist candidates that have been announced will actually stand at the next General Election is doubtful, but even if none stands their ideas will and may turn votes one way or the other. The Nationalist movement was started by that romantic genius, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, whose political views may not unfairly be described as a blend of Toryism and Socialism. Inevitably when a movement for a big constitutional change is started its advocates begin by assailing the Government of the day as the representative of the established order of things, and look for their support to the outside wings of politics both on the right and the left.

The Labour Party in Scotland has set its sails to catch whatever power there may be in the new patriotic sentiment, and its motives are easy to discover. The Clydeside school of Socialism has been a conspicuous failure in Parliament and finds itself discredited even within the Labour Party. As an independent party it has no chance of achieving success, but if it could capture a Nationalist movement in Scotland its position would be much stronger. Glasgow, as the wealthiest city of the Lowlands and the gate to the Highlands, might hope to become the capital of Scotland; and the capture of Glasgow by the Clydesiders, though not a matter of course, would at any rate be much easier than the overthrow of Mr. MacDonald and the establishment of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Maxton in the leadership of the British Labour Party. Under a form of Home Rule for Scotland, the Clydeside Socialists might conceivably dominate the local Government and thus take one of those short cuts to

power that is denied them in the larger Parliament at Westminster. But the movement is by no means exclusively Socialist and obtains a certain amount of support from the membership of the other two parties. The Government's Local Government reforms make even greater changes in the Scottish than in the English system, and presumably the strength of the parochial feeling is greater there than here. Another cause which may help the Nationalist movement is the increasing immigration from Ireland to Scotland.

It would therefore be unwise to dismiss the new movement as of no account. Nor would the demand for a measure of local self-government in Scotland, if seriously made, necessarily be one that this country would resist. Scotland as it is enjoys a form of self-government at Westminster, for English members very rarely take part in the debates on Scottish Bills, and though they vote in the divisions they do that only in so far as it is their policy to support or oppose the Government. If it were put to them that such Bills should in future be discussed in Edinburgh and Glasgow provided the voting on them affected only a government in Scotland, the average English or Welsh member would raise very little objection. Indeed, he might even support such proposals if he thought that thereby his own Wales or his own part of England might obtain a greater measure of control over its own purely local affairs.

The central idea of the Government's reforms of local administration is the enlargement of the unit, but there is no reason, having admitted the principle of enlarging that unit, why one should stop at the County Council. County boundaries are themselves obsolete and there is something to be said for a grouping of local government in great provinces. The arguments even against a modern form of the Saxon Heptarchy would not be on principle, and the test would be purely one of practical convenience and efficiency in working. But would such devolution, if it were to satisfy that test, be on national lines? Surely not. The national boundaries are not much less obsolete than the county boundaries. The difference between the Highlands of Scotland and Southern England is sensible at once and no one devolving government would put them together even if they were geographically contiguous. But there is more difference between the Highlands and the Lowlands in Scotland than there is between the Lowlands and the North of England, and Manchester has less in common with London than it has with Glasgow.

If we were thinking merely of practical convenience and efficiency the lines of division would be economic, not national. Liverpool, for example, is in Lancashire, but its interests and its sentiments are more closely allied with Belfast, and one may say indifferently that Northumbria extends to the Forth or that the East Coast of Scotland comes down to the Humber. Anything that would impair the strength of the Union would clearly be a step backward and a misfortune for all parties. But if on the other hand one is seeking merely to promote efficiency, purely racial divisions are irrelevant to modern conditions and the artificial cultivation of local patriotism may easily make for inefficiency.

A case can be made out for greater devolution of local affairs and many of the arguments used for the Government's Bills this session would apply equally well to a much larger measure. Scotland would have as much right to the benefits of such devolution as other parts of the kingdom. But is not an inflamed sense of nationality the deadliest of the political maladies of Europe? England obtained its political lead in Europe because it achieved its union earlier than other countries, and its politics were thereby freed to develop along lines of rational principle instead of on purely artificial distinctions of race. Federalism is of course a great reconciler of patriotism with economic interest, and it may yet repair the mistakes made by the war settlement in South Eastern Europe which brought the Balkans up to the confines of Germany. But we must also beware of the Balkanization of these islands.

If the Scottish patriots were wise, it is in the department of economic rather than of national government that they would look for satisfaction. Instead of annexing the Highlands and forming one national government out of all Scotland such as has never really existed in Scottish history, they might even do better to annex the North of England to the Lowlands and divide it up into areas of local government that have a common interest. The present Local Government Bill, instead of being an affront to Scotland as the patriots affect to believe, ought really to be regarded as a stepping-stone to such a greater Scotland. After all the Scots are an Imperial race, and their greatest triumphs have been won south of the Cheviots.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE business of the week has again been almost entirely concerned with Rating and Local Government Reform. There is no doubt that, as discussion imparts a fuller understanding of the scheme, prejudiced objection to the whole is giving way to a more reasonable criticism of specific parts. During last Thursday's debate on the Money Resolution to the Bill, which focused attention on changes in the financial relations of the Central Government and Local Authorities, Mr. Snowden effected a very skilful combination of the manner of the contemptuously bewildered Olympian with that of the earnest seeker after truth. He did not deny the need and urgency of reforms, but of course this was not the way he would have set about them himself. He affected to treat anything he had not fully grasped as a manifest absurdity, but he wanted it explained all the same. He tried to show that the excessive burden on Local Authorities would not in fact be relieved, but was no more successful than subsequent speakers in beating down Mr. Chamberlain's guard. The Minister of Health in another able speech parried all thrusts with an easy imperturbability and was at particular pains to get back on Miss Susan Lawrence, by showing that her speech of two days before, however excellent in form, would not stand a close examination of its substance.

After allowing the House to spend St. Andrew's Day, Friday, in quietly advancing non-contentious business and in welcoming a possible solution of the problem of the derating of privately-owned mineral

railways, the Scottish members claimed three days to work off the ebullition of national spirit accumulated over the week-end. The application of rating and Local Government reform to the Northern Kingdom requires a separate Bill in order to take into account differences of administrative machinery. If the Scottish measure is rather more drastic than its English counterpart, in that, for instance, it touches Education and Police, on the other hand, as Sir John Gilmour pointed out, the financial gain to Scotland is proportionately greater than that of England and Wales. The Opposition case, as interpreted by Mr. Johnston and Mr. Macpherson, seemed to rest largely on an appeal to nationalistic conservatism, with which, indeed, some Government supporters appeared to have a measure of sympathy.

Scottish Home Rule may become a live issue some day, and there would be something to be said for political devolution if an economic union could be preserved, but the evidence in favour of administrative reorganization is too strong for the present measure to be effectively held up as an example of English tyranny. A dull Second Reading debate was brought to a lively conclusion on Tuesday, thanks to Mr. Sullivan, the veteran miner member for Bothwell, and Major Elliot, the Scottish Under-Secretary. Mr. Sullivan, in the course of a general condemnation of the Government's methods, said that there was no Poplarism in Scotland, and that the Scottish Office found it harder to induce Scottish Local Authorities to spend than to save—a remark which appealed to English members as very fitting the popular conception of the Scottish character. His attack on the measure brought Major Elliot to his feet, waving a dialectical claymore, which he, unfortunately, has but too few chances of unsheathing. Having quoted from reports and speeches which condemned both Labour and Liberal critics for having previously advocated those reforms which they now opposed, he drew each of his victims into hurriedly improvised defences of their consistency. As he gleefully observed: "The fish are rising well to-night!" General Hutchison, indeed, came right out of the water, and the closure had to be applied to prevent him talking out the Bill.

On Wednesday Sir Austen Chamberlain had to stand a running fire of questions about the precise meaning of his statement on Monday regarding the relation of German reparations to the evacuation of the Rhineland. He refused to commit himself to an impromptu explanation. The Money Resolution of the Scottish Local Government Bill then brought the preliminary stages of the principal business of the session to a rather dreary close, as on this occasion there was little to be added to the arguments used about the English measure. Hereafter the House must look forward to many days of close argument in Committee, but it is unlikely that much progress will be possible before Christmas.

One incident which occurred on Tuesday, should not be omitted. The lady members made history by introducing the first Bill to be backed exclusively by members of their sex. This was a proposal to empower Local Authorities to issue boots to children in necessitous mining areas. Lady Astor's appearance in a vivid red dress evoked Labour cheers, but is not understood to imply the threat of a change of political allegiance if the Government do not facilitate the passage of the measure. Nevertheless, the position officially maintained, when the question was raised again on the adjournment on Wednesday, was that, though the need was really urgent, it could be met by voluntary contributions. The public cannot be too insistently asked to realize the special demands

of the oncoming winter and to subscribe to the Lord Mayor's Fund, established at the Government's instigation to supply this kind of relief.

* *

Finally, the week's chronicle would not be complete without mention of a debate which never took place. The Co-operative Members wanted to bring forward a motion for the annulment of the Order under the Merchandise Marks Act, enforcing the marking of foreign eggs, oatmeal, currants, sultanas and raisins. It appears, however, that official Labour support was denied them and the idea was allowed to drop rather than call further attention to divided Opposition councils.

FIRST CITIZEN

AN APOLOGY FOR OLD AGE

AGE is out of fashion. Youth and infancy are studied and discussed beyond precedent. To their manifestations, the psychologist, the hygienist, and even the criminologist give their prime attention. Books and lectures, clinics and philanthropic bequests, are devoted to nursery hygiene, infant psychology, juvenile delinquency and youthful recreations. But, though the ranks of the elderly are swelling every year, old age is more and more finding itself classed with the colon and the appendix among those useless vestiges that were better cut clean out of the scheme of things.

Only a preoccupation with the primitive biological crudities of life, and with the ills and indulgences of the flesh, could have brought about so strange a reversal of tradition. For, desirable as are many of the physical possessions of youth, and enjoyable as is the enthusiasm of inexperience, their place in anything that can be suspected of being the meaning or purpose of human life is, compared with those riper fruits which only maturity can yield, but a trivial one. In our admiration of the physical resilience and virginal mind of the child we are apt to forget the limitations which egotism, lack of knowledge and undeveloped imagination impose on it. It is high time that we diverted our attention for a while to a study of the physiology and psychology of age, of its possibilities, of the development of its special faculties and the utilization of its special powers. There is no reason why old people should accept the valuation put on them by the young and inexperienced. The purpose and meaning of life are no more to be measured in foot-pounds of physical work or play than in pounds sterling of earning capacity.

But, by the time that most of us are fifty or sixty years old we are so scarred by disease that a picture of healthy old age is not easily come by. It is these pathological lesions, rather than the mere passing of the years, that commonly explain the "drooping and languishing of our vivacities, promptitude, constancy and other parts more essential" which, according to Montaigne, are apt to accompany any "increase of knowledge and experience" that age may yield. For if these be taken, as they commonly are, as the stigma of age, "Il y a beaucoup de vieillards a quarante ans, et une infinité de jeunes a soixante." Nor are the conventionally assigned physical characteristics a more trustworthy guide. For, on the one hand, "Hairs make fallible Predictions, and many Temples early Gray have outlived the Psalmist's Period"; and, on the other hand, the hackneyed medical saying that a man is as old as his arteries is confuted by Sir Humphry Rolleston, who proves that the state of the arteries is not so much an index of the individual's age as of his adventures.

That neither the psychology nor the physiology of age is identical with that of youth is, of course, true; and we quite follow the significance of the opening words of a speech by a distinguished French septua-

genarienne: "Quant j'étais femme." But it is this very freedom from the distractions which the impulses of sex and ambition provide that enables many noble faculties hitherto curbed and hampered to fulfil themselves. If our philosophy be right, there is nothing very tragic in the gradual lessening of those instinctive urges and physical powers that we share with the rest of animate nature. Much of the best intellectual work of the world has been done by men "emancipated from the more turbulent claims" of young manhood. As a matter of fact, apart from disease, this process of true senescence is a much later and more gradual affair than is commonly assumed. Indeed, it may be doubted if we are fully developed, even (so far as the brain is concerned) anatomically developed, until comparatively late in life. For certain of our brain centres go on evolving long after our ordinary bodily growth is finished. When we compare the normal length of man's life with that of his relatives the anthropoids, and contrast his highly developed brain and nervous system with theirs, the significance of these disparities forces itself on us. Activity of mind is the mark and also the promoter of vigorous age; for, as Crichton-Browne says: "The best antiseptic against senile decay is an active interest in human affairs, and those keep young longest who love most." Successful old age—like real success at any other period of life—ultimately depends on the establishment of a harmonious correspondence between desire and power.

As age progresses, there is nearly always a gradual failure of the sense organs. It has been said that "removal from sensory stimulation is but another name for death," and it is certainly true that life, both physical and mental, involves, if it does not actually consist in, continuous reaction to stimulation. The stimulation, however, can be supplied by the developed mind and imagination, without immediate sensory contacts at all. But, as direct impressions from outside become blunted, the man with no store of knowledge and of small practice in abstract thought becomes, perforce, narrowly egocentric, vain, self-pitying and complaining, and in a short time sinks into a condition of true mental senility. Monotony of thought and of employment likewise promotes an early atrophy of the psychic powers.

From the physiological point of view, in what does old age consist, and why does it occur? The human germ-plasm is hundreds of thousands of years old, and shows no sign of exhaustion or atrophy. In suitable media, simple tissue-cells live and multiply almost indefinitely. Unicellular organisms can, seemingly, live and divide without conjugation through countless generations, without the intervention of decay or death. Yet, in the multicellular organisms, with highly differentiated parts, the cells that make up these parts seem always, after the passage of a certain period of time, to lose their power of reproduction, and of absorbing nutriment from the surrounding medium. It has been suggested that a failure in the secretions of the endocrine glands—especially of the sex glands—is primarily responsible. But this seems only to push the issue a little further back; and the evidence goes to show that endocrine failure is coincident rather than causative. Retrogression and development of glandular and somatic tissues are going on side by side throughout our lives, almost from birth.

The degeneration and atrophy of the thymus gland in our early teens is but a striking example of many similar phenomena. The regulation and co-ordination of sectional growth and of sectional functioning in a highly organized creature like man is only made possible by the evolution of the supreme control—over and above that exercised "automatically" by the sympathetic nervous system, with its endocrine and emotional connexions—which is associated with the functions of the cerebro-spinal

nervous mechanism. And it would seem that true senescence begins in this most specialized of all our tissues. For it must be remembered that nerve-cells, unlike the cells that compose our tissues in general, have no faculty of self-reproduction; and a nerve-cell dead or destroyed is never replaced. But what are the forces to which this vital subsidence is really due remains as much a mystery as ever. There is good reason to suspect that only when we have dug much more deeply than at present into the profundities of the human mind shall we find the key to this mystery. That it is a psychological no less than a chemico-physical one we may take for granted.

QUAERO

RENAISSANCE

[FROM OUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT]

Cambridge, December 5, 1928

SO the bi-monthly miracle has been accomplished and the University has again gone down, without regret, after the best term of the academical year. The first term is always the best, for the imminence of the Tripos is apt to cast a shadow over the summer river, however bright, and there is much to be said for winter after all.

Looking back, it seems to have been a term of fierce activity. Trinity Hall has torn down the north side of its first court and revealed traces of Gothic windows; the front of the extension to the Fitzwilliam Museum is now on view; great St. Mary's is illuminated at night to a lurid orange red by the light of a shop sign off King's Parade; the Rockefeller donation has been accepted, and the Goldsmiths' Company have presented the University with £10,000. Mr. Steve Fairbairn has conducted a campaign of controversy in the local Press, which seems to have reached some conclusion about fixed or sliding seats. Political activity, in view of the coming elections, has been extensive, and all three clubs have had record attendances, keen interest being shown in party programmes and practical politics rather than in the theoretical idealisms usually associated with undergraduate thought.

The Union is still noticeable for the number of Liberal and Socialist officers, and the inadequacy of Conservative representation. It has entertained American and Canadian visitors this term, and reached in its numbers the second record membership of the century. An extension is, I believe, being discussed. The Lord Mayor of London's Fund for distressed areas was taken up and a Cambridge Appeal may have realized by Saturday a sum approaching one thousand pounds, half as much as was produced over Poppy Day. A last fire of terminal enthusiasm gave birth to a motor Treasure Hunt on the 2nd, for which there were sixty entries, and the winner is said to have averaged 33 miles per hour in spite of his forty pauses for clues.

On the more cultural side, the A.D.C. produced 'This Woman Business' at their own theatre; M. Jacques Copeau gave a performance at the Festival Theatre, on the 4th, of his new play 'L'Illusion,' with his company. Cambridge music has been noticeable less for the big events than for informal visits of well-known players, such as Miss Myra Hess. And this year promises to excel in Cambridge intelligence, or to excel at any rate when compared with the recent ones. The atmosphere of cloudy poeticism at dons' tea parties, punctuated by general post at every second cake and faint allusions to a never read 'Ulysses,' threatens to dissolve before a more factual contact

with the outer world: before, also, a more factual internal development. A few people seem to be on the brink of doing something, instead of talking about it.

Journalistically, to begin with, there has been a good deal of movement. The *Cambridge Review* reached its jubilee, and celebrated it with an excellent number which provided the *Granta* with a cruel opportunity. The great day, awaited by the publishers of the senior journal for fifty years, and marked by messages of self-congratulatory loyalty to the Royal Family, was marked also by the impudence of its cadet sister, who procured by deceit, and gave away, free copies of the *Cambridge Review* with her own publication. No harm was done at the expense of a rather humorous gesture. Two termly magazines have come into being: *Experiment* and the *Venture*. The former, a purely undergraduate concern, is certainly, though not for that reason, the better of the two. In the *Venture* there are contributions from Mr. Humbert Wolfe and Mr. John Drinkwater, and an excellent woodcut by Mr. Raymond McGrath—worth a shilling out of the total 1s. 6d. which the paper charges and deserves. The remaining sixpence is amply merited by two poems by Mr. Edward Cattle, who seems on the whole to be the best poet in either of the two publications. The rest never, or seldom, falls below a high level: though I would not cross a continent to buy it.

Experiment, on the other hand, is sufficiently good to merit being written for from London. The post will obviate the necessity for such extensive travel. Overlooking the cover, which suggests a cross between the Festival Theatre and a motor exhibition in Germany, much can be found inside (I mention an article on Valéry and Hopkins, by Miss E. E. Phare, which is a monument of concise expression) having indisputable merit, and much which is provocative without being stupid. The worst part of it is worse than the worst part of the *Venture*. In the department of pure poetry, three enterprising editors have come to some sort of an agreement with the Hogarth Press for the publication of an anthology of Cambridge Poetry in the spring—a season which will also see the publication of a book of verse by an undergraduate, with Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The need for a Cambridge anthology has long been felt.

Mention of the Muses leads me to notice the reappearance of Mme. Lopokova in Mr. Dennis Arundell's production of 'The Soldier's Tale,' 'The Lover's Complaint,' and a 'Divertissement of Dancing,' at the A.D.C. theatre. The great success of this spectacle apparently led to the formation of a Cambridge University Ballet Society, sponsored by H.S.H. Princess Astafieva, Ninette de Valois, Professor Dent, Mr. Dennis Arundell, Mr. Bernard Ord, and Mr. Terence Gray, which produced three ballets on the 5th, 6th, and 7th—'Primavera,' 'Christmas Party' and 'Smörgåsbord.'

Mr. Terence Gray himself has proceeded cheerfully with the regeneration of British drama at the Festival Theatre, which presented a good programme for this term's uplift. The plays were: 'Heartbreak House' by Mr. Bernard Shaw, 'The Man Who Ate the Popomack' by Mr. W. J. Turner, 'The Show' by Mr. Galsworthy, 'The Subway' by Mr. Elmer Rice, 'As You Like It,' 'The Spook Sonata' by Strindberg (produced by the Oxford Players), 'The Hairy Ape' by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, and Dryden's 'Mariage à la Mode.'

¶ The Coloured Cover of this issue has been specially drawn by Mr. John Armstrong.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

BY R. H. MOTTRAM

HOW remote, almost incredible, grow our war-time Christmases. Those of us who remember Christmas in the trenches gather round our British firesides, and, slightly plethoric, but obstinately resolved to be as good-natured as the season demands, look back at five Christmases spent under arms. We have long ago given up trying to qualify or explain the trenches. All those recruiting and War Loan posters that covered the walls with pictures of cheerful combatants in full panoply, pointing bayonets and overthrowing some concrete foe, have made it impossible to explain the cold and wet, the sleeplessness and taut-drawn anxiety, the sights, the sounds, most of all the smells. Occasional attempts to put these on the stage have been no more successful. As for verbal description . . . ! With regard to Christmas nineteen-fourteen, it does not matter so much. We were not, in any great number, in the trenches. We were in camp. At Shoreham or Blackdown, or any other of the great wood and canvas towns that had sprung up all over these islands we carried that Christmas shoulder-high, on the strength of the enthusiasm that had not then worn thin. Of the many songs we roared between the endless church parades, inspections, and make-merry-by-numbers that helped us through what we considered the unaccountable delay in sending us out to the front, the most vivid in memory is: 'We're here because we're here!'

It was, all unconsciously, the one piece of rock-bottom reality. We were there—because we were! Exactly. No conscription could have got us there in those numbers and that spirit. And men whose incomes ran to many hundreds sat next to labourers at a pound a week, supplementing the common one-and-tuppence a day with prodigal gifts from home, while the few old regulars who were trying to train us for such a war as they had never seen, and certainly could not imagine, taught us to decorate the erections we inhabited with strips of orderly-room paper, on which, with map-making chalks, we drew pious mottos: "Good luck to our Officers," "God save the King," "God bless the Sergeant-Major," in the approved style of a barrack-room of the 'nineties. Many such efforts rose to a high level of excellence, for the brains of the nation were in the ranks. Nothing remains of all that. It was felt to be so "temporary." We were going out to fight. Already we had lost touch with the civilian hatred of the Germans. The future was too absorbing. We were in a hurry to get into it.

By Christmas nineteen-fifteen we had mostly arrived. A minor gas attack and a deal of shelling had taught us something the good old sergeant never could. In spite of the fact that we were obviously getting the worst of it—that our trenches were mostly further back than they had been—we were not daunted. This was the time in which I think I first heard a highish voice issuing from some sodden dugout, in which "orderly-room" was being held beneath. Bairnsfather prints and stuck-up pages of *La Vie Parisienne*: "Sergeant-Major, this man is not enjoying the war. Take him away and see that he does!" I fancy the gifts from home were still fairly plentiful, and the British refusal to take misfortunes seriously was to be seen in diminishing church parades, and increasing gramophone records, playing 'One, Gerrard.' And while Death stalked continuously up and down those flooded gullies that we held, in parts, that constituted the real trenches, you did get out every week or so to real "rest," ten miles back, where you were not discommoded. Some fortunate ones even got leave to that "Blighty" of "Business as usual." Between that Christmas and the next one, nineteen-sixteen, enough history was packed to fill a century.

To the average infantryman or artilleryman the "festive season" came that time, not in the trenches, but in bed. A fair proportion of the New Armies were on their backs, bandaged and dosed, and trussed up as to their shattered limbs in the queerest of postures. And lying thus, all sorts of entertainments were organized in those immense hospitals that were replacing the camps of a year before. We bore the awful contrast between that travesty of our home Christmas, and the Somme battle-fields from which we had come, and the Vimy-Ypres one to which we were to return, as well as we could. The benevolent effort broke down, however, when it came to crackers, which set a poor shell-shock case in the corner shivering and whining, and had to be stopped.

And then, grimmest by far, came the Christmas of nineteen-seventeen. Nor was this spent, for many, in the trenches. Those places were rapidly becoming uninhabitable and uninhabited. With three years' practice, modern science had proved the proposition that a piece of steel, some feet in length, filled with chemicals and shot off in sufficient numbers, is more than a match for human flesh and blood of about the same dimensions. The lengthened line was sparsely held. There was no rest anywhere near it. Towns that had been Army Headquarters' billets received as much as a hundred twelve-inch shells in a day, as a Christmas present. But without such gifts there was no Christmas atmosphere. With British stoicism we played football, and thought as little as possible. Was nineteen-seventeen, then, the worst of the war Christmases? I do not think so. Hope still gilded it. Not hope of victory, perhaps, but hope of peace, that one day should set us free from war that had ceased to be righteous, exciting, absorbing—everything except intolerable. One day those of us who were lucky would be allowed to go home.

The thing which made Christmas nineteen-eighteen so ghastly was realization. Armistice had come, not official peace, and we never called it by that name. It was not peace. It was war robbed of war's one virtue, that summoning in every heart of the manhood to endure. Not many of us were "demobbed" and this Christmas was spent, out of danger, it is true, out of the trenches (which were already weed-grown, appalling in their awful silence and desertion) in a lassitude and discomfort that no physical alleviation could mitigate. No one sang 'We're here because we're here!' I cannot think what would have happened to anyone who did. The gramophones that had played 'One, Gerrard,' were worn out. The general shortness of supplies, that had been screened from us while the combat lasted, now made itself felt. A new warfare of prices and prospects intruded upon our view. Those who had been comrades, knit together by common danger and sacrifice shared, intrigued one against the other to creep a place or two higher on the list of demobilization. From shuttered and dismantled Dunkirk and I know not what other places, the greatest army that Britain has ever put into the field was going home.

Hereby hangs the moral that must form the tail to any true and vertebrate narrative. Reason still plays a minor if spectacular part in human affairs. If the emotion that kept so immense an activity as the war of 1914-1918 could peter out as it did, what must have been the strength of the emotion that still, after nearly two thousand years, marks the Christian calendar with its principal festival? And so effectively that the one lasting thanksgiving that survives from the war is not the day of any battle. No one celebrates Messines, and Vimy and Cambrai, and Villers Brettoneux as one used to celebrate the Glorious First of June, the Waterloo or Trafalgar of other wars. We remember only the Armistice, the cessation of the fighting. So that, in spite of its five years' negation, the Christmas spirit survives undaunted even the most modern of catastrophes.

AFTER DINNER

BY A. P. HERBERT

MAN is the only animal which cannot eat a good meal in company without giving tongue about it afterwards. The savage creatures, with more humanity, lie down and have a hearty sleep. We, on our stiff-backed chairs, too uncomfortable for sleep, sit up and pretend to take notice, while selected individuals bark, roar, or indistinctly whimper at us. This is the season of "Annual Dinners." All over London, all over England, all over, I suppose, the "civilized" world, Societies and Companies, Federations and Firms, are enjoying the beano of the year. And at nearly every one of them the same strange ritual is performed. 7 for 7.30. Greetings. Old friends. New clothes. Cocktails (perhaps). Then the meal. Good, bad, or indifferent, it warms us up at last. The wine goes round, our neighbour thaws, we find that he too is well acquainted with our cousin Smith who is in India. At last we may smoke; there is coffee, brandy, port-wine, or what-not. The room is a happy babble of talk, and if there are congenial spirits in range, friends old or new, we are away already, maybe, on our favourite hobby-horses, belauding Baldwin, or denouncing Jix, mapping out the future of the British Empire, or fixing for the last time the meaning of "style," "highbrow," "safeguarding," or "art." 8.45—and it looks like a jolly evening.

And then that intruding, booming, preposterous toast-master distributes a chill with two short words—"Pray Silence. . . ." Pray silence, indeed! When it has taken an hour's stern effort to loosen our tongues! Pray silence—and for what? Two hours of monologue, perhaps the most difficult form of expression, and perhaps the most dreary if it is not well done. And how often is it well done? Of ten speakers (which, alas, is about the average number), it is seldom that even two will speak so well that we are not glad when they cease from speaking. We begin with some grand general theme—Commerce, Trade, Industry, the Law, Literature, Science, Peace, War, Motor-bicycling, Architecture; and this toast is proposed by some Distinguished Person, who confesses, amid laughter and applause, that he has no acquaintance with the subject of his address, and so far as he does know anything about it, dislikes it. He couples with the toast the name of some gentleman whom he never heard of before, and to whom even now he has not been introduced. He describes this gentleman in glowing terms (but gets his facts wrong), or he forgets all about him till his concluding sentence, when he mentions the responder in a hasty parenthesis, but mispronounces his name. The responder then delivers a carefully prepared paragraph of thanks for the many kind things which the Distinguished Person has not said about him. He sits down, and those sitting next to him pat him on the back. He, at any rate, is happy at last. It is over. He sips his brandy, stares kindly but vacantly at succeeding speakers, and pays very little attention to what they say.

We then have the domestic toast—"The Society," "The Company," "The Federation," "The Brethren," "The Sisterhood," or what-not. Clouds of gentlemen propose and respond to this toast. Nearly all the speeches at this stage of the proceedings are inaudible, except to an unfortunate few in the immediate neighbourhood, though among the responders there is generally some direct and vigorous he-man who does not approve of words, speaks out plainly and boldly what is in his mind, and makes the best speech of the lot. But all this set of speeches are delicately pregnant with domestic politics; sly personal allusions and ghastly *faux pas* provoke chuckles and frowns and mystify the visitor. It is now 10.15. Everyone is thirsty and tired; most of

the waiters have vanished, and whenever the attention of a waiter is attracted he is shooed away by the beginning of another speech.

Probably now we have "The Guests" or "The Visitors," and two of these unfortunate persons are compelled to stand up and give thanks for the good food and gracious company which they have enjoyed. What bad form, when you come to think of it! It is like asking a guest in your home if he is bored by your dinner-party. Some sense of this seems to have pervaded our orators in these days, for the speeches to this toast generally consist of humorous insults to or by the guests. To propose this toast is about the most dreadful duty of the evening. A word has to be said about each of the distinguished guests, and every omission may be taken as an affront. Moreover, the principal guest is generally at the last moment unable to come, and the bulk of the speech, which was prepared about him, has to be scrapped, while nothing is known about the wretched guest who has been hurriedly thrust into his place by an importunate secretary.

But "The Guests" is many times better than "The Ladies." Liking the ladies as I do, I am sorry to have to say that the torment of the after-dinner business is almost doubled by the presence of ladies. An audience half-female is far more difficult to address than a company of males (I will not be so rash as to suggest a reason); and, with all proper apologies, I must say that as a rule the female of the speeches are more deadly than the male.

However, we have done with "Our Guests" and "The Ladies." And now, with luck, we have nothing to fear but "the Chairman"—Proposed (possibly—horror!—seconded) and Responded to. It is now 10.45: but the Proposer is an Important Person, with experience in this line: he has been listening to others all the evening and he is not going to let us off as lightly as he promises. His forceful voice and personality, and the confident belief that the end is really near, compel from us a closer attention than we gave to some of those who came before. There is not that swelling rustle and clatter and chat which makes the unfortunate speaker a quaking jelly, and the unfortunate audience ashamed of itself. And, thus encouraged, the Proposer gives us a full ten minutes. The Chairman is more merciful, a little emotional, and quite inaudible. He says just one word and takes five minutes to say it. It is eleven o'clock. It is over. And—nine times out of ten—thank God!

It is two hours or more since we were allowed to talk to each other. And what have we had for it? Perhaps three or four good laughs—perhaps one or two new or instructive thoughts—perhaps a moment of genuine emotion. If we are among friends, or are members of the Society, we have expressed our corporate goodwill. But we should have done as much in much less time by drinking healths across the table, or by singing songs round the piano. As it is, we have (nearly always) been more bored than benefited; and even our goodwill may have turned a little sour.

All this from the listener's angle. What of the talkers? Most of them are not practised or habitual speakers, and the evening is misery until their ordeal is over. They do not enjoy their food, they drink their wine sparingly, they converse vacantly with their neighbours, not taking in what is said but thinking anxiously of what they are going to say. I suppose a few of the real experts are undisturbed; but they must be very few.

Why do we do this thing, which gives, on the average, so small a proportion of pleasure to pain? Is it vanity, is it mistaken goodness, is it a kind of religious devotion, is it habit, or alcohol—or what? I must observe at once that these practices are not the marks of a highly-developed, effeminate or decadent

civilization. For nowhere do men make so many after-dinner speeches as in the masculine clear-eyed Continent of Australia. When I was travelling about that pleasant Continent with a party of Pressmen we had speeches all day. Believe me or not, we even had after-breakfast speeches. At 8 o'clock in the morning, in a station restaurant, after a night in the train! No, no man is so fond of a speech as your strong, silent man. As for alcohol, I used to think that the one argument for Prohibition was that it would put a stop to after-dinner speaking; but in 1921 there was still plenty of it in the United States. Possibly the thing can be explained as a kind of heroic self-mutilation; for prolonged orgies of speech-making are still indulged in at places like the Mansion House, where everybody knows that three-quarters of the company have no hope of hearing one word that is said. Why do we do this thing? I do not know.

ON WINNING OUT

BY IVOR BROWN

IT was an old-fashioned doctrine that a preposition is a bad word to end a sentence with. We have so far altered all that as now to believe that no verb is complete unless it trails a preposition in its wake. The American language, being at last the predominant as well as the more leisurely and pompous partner in the English-speaking Union, insists on a plentiful appendage of prepositions, and, since English magazine stories are now mostly written in that lush, lavish, and American idiom of which the tenderer cuts of film captions are made, we are becoming accustomed to young men who, after making bad at home, are sent to the great open spaces to make good. There, having found dreadful temptations, they do not merely win; they "win through"; sometimes they actually "win out." It is a commonplace nowadays that nobody ever tries a new motor-car; he either "runs it in" or "tries it out." In England we ask a man to check our figures; in America, the land of supposed speed and concentration, they ask more "peppily" whether he will "check up on" those figures. In America, it seems, there is a notion that verbs ought not to be seen naked; linguistic chastity insists that they shall wear a preposition or two. Accordingly the rough men who live so dangerously in the really exciting stories are continually being "bawled out" until they "kick in." At any rate they are certain to be "bumped off" if they don't "win out."

In this business of "winning out," peace, too, hath its victories; austere authors, intent that their characters should, as Mr. Jack Hulbert might say, make frightfully good, relegate their failures to the peaks and plains where they "win out" by mental and moral concentration. Mr. Wells used to banish his more obstreperous couples to reconsider the situation in Labrador; there, after six months of contact with long abstract nouns and a few polar bears, they were deemed to have "won out" and to be fit once more for ex-membership of the Fabian Society. Ibsen's suburban pedagogues had similar notions about the success-inspiring qualities of a glacier. The father of "Little Eyolf," for instance, had an incurable passion for thinking it out among the driven snow, a feat not entirely to be explained by the fact that his wife was a most insistent lady who likened herself to champagne awaiting the lips of her timid and nervous master. This gentleman did at last conclude that the successful conduct of his life was not necessarily coincident with a frosty silence upon peaks and determined along with his wife to "win out" by welfare work; in that faith we leave them. I have always been sorry for the little harbour boys on whom they were going to

practise their new creed of service. When the idle rich who cannot endure their own company endeavour to "win out" by doing good to others I can sympathize with any of their victims who refuse to assist this kind of victory.

Not long ago I discovered from a course of brief popular fiction that nearly all men have at some time or another to "win out"—or at least to attempt it. The struggler is usually driven to this by a woman who is very dashing in the hunting field, but sometimes it is just a matter of money. Furthermore I discovered that there are large tracts of the world given over almost entirely to this exercise and the spectacle or thought of young men and women (preferably handsome) so engaged in wrestling with destiny and knocking it sideways is evidently of such supreme attraction to travellers in railway trains that they will pay a shilling for twelve stories in which twelve fellow-mortals who have made dreadfully bad take ship to Africa and there "win out" amid an extremely colourful environment of ivory, apes, and peacocks. It did not take me more than a couple of days to discover the technique of victory. If you are poor you make good as a planter; the grey-haired mother in Muswell Hill is fully satisfied if you can make two coffee beans replace one on the face of Kenya Colony. If you are rich you just shoot some big game. This pacifies His Grace. Fell a couple of 'Wapiti' and you have "won out" beyond any fear of contradiction. Snaffle a clutch of young hippos and you might even show yourself again at Boodle's or the Maison Lyons.

The slaughter of the larger mammals has evidently some deep consolatory power. In the old days the sick at heart might retire to pray; for those who were broken on the wheel of love there was a species of ambulance at the monastery. As the fag turned prefect wallops his minors, so a man might, as a crusading warrior, take it out of the foreign pagan for all that he suffered from the domestic hussy. Now, as I gather from my reading, after a white-man's wife has played him false with a dago in Curzon Street, he merely goes out and socks a giraffe. This story, which is evidently the most popular of all, is usually called 'Paid in Full.' At the top, before you begin to read about the heartless frivolities in Curzon Street, there is written in italics, "And there, in the pitiless jungle, Charteris Gray won out." As far as I can see the situation, the giraffe has really done all the paying and all the winning by permitting himself to be "bumped off." But he gets no thanks and we are left feeling that, should our wives afflict us in a similar manner, we can find ample restoratives for our morale by purchasing a Winchester repeater and a passage for Bangawayo.

Merely going to Scotland seems to be no good. Nobody ever "won out" by blazing into a brace of partridges. One would think that the difficulty of the job had something to do with what captains of industry call its "inspirational power." In that case the pursuit of the smaller and more evasive birds would obviously assist the troubled ones to the earnest conquest of self and fate. We might read, for instance, how "Charteris Gray suddenly discovered that the savour of the earth was no longer as bitter ashes in his mouth. A new heaven had opened before him. He would go back to Gilda now. He had struck a snipe!" But that is not how it happens. Only by out-spanning at Bangawayo and flushing and felling a covey of ostriches, which at five yards you or I could hardly miss, can Charteris "win out." The man who can split a bluebottle at two hundred yards will never be one of the moral conquerors. Pinking an elephant at five is what is needed.

Why not a patriotic movement to keep our bad or badgered boys at home? Let it be clearly under-

stood that Charteris can "win out" just as well in the Home Counties, or at least on Ben Nevis, as at Omdurman or Kikuyu. I have always thought that the British have made insufficient use of their fauna and flora. Why should we always concede the supreme allure to any bestiary but our own! After my immersion in magazine fiction I felt that if so many young Englishmen in temporary trouble sought their release by assaulting the rhinoceros, it was really high time to start a "small game movement" in Scotland. After all, we have in the ptarmigan an entirely and absurdly neglected source of emotional relief. Just think of the moment when Charteris discovers his wife playing him false in Curzon Street. He cries out that he will have to go away to Strathwhistle and shoot something. "And what will you shoot?" screams she. "P-tarmigan" retorts Charteris. Being a gentleman he cannot spit in her face; but he has, if he has properly manoeuvred his labials and dentals, done the next best thing. Winning out? He is half-way there already. And something slashing might be done with Capercaillie.

GAS-STOVES

BY ROBERT LYND

IF I call this essay (or article, or whatever it may be when I have finished it) 'Gas-stoves,' it is not because I intend to write about gas-stoves, but because, on sitting down to write, one must have a subject of some kind. It is a curious fact that if one is asked to write and at the same time is not asked to write on anything in particular, it is twice as difficult to set to work as if one had been asked to write on something that one knows nothing about. "Conjuring and Conjurers in the Age of Alexander the Great," "The Development of the Metatarsus in Waterfowl," "Christmas Customs in Jugo-Slavia,"—you might think it would be easier for an ignoramus to write on nothing at all than on subjects which seem in this fashion to demand special knowledge in the writer, but this is not so. It is easier to hang a picture on the most unpromising-looking nail than on the empty air.

I myself, for instance, who know very little about conjurers and still less about Alexander the Great, could easily fill several pages about them, if "Conjuring and Conjurers in the Age of Alexander the Great" were given to me as a theme. I do not say that they would be pages worth reading, but at least they would contain the usual number of words. Probably I should even have so much to say about conjuring, and about how little I know of it, that I should have no space left to deal with its peculiar position in the Age of Alexander. For there is not a single word in the dictionary that, as soon as it is spoken or set down, does not call up thoughts or memories that call up other thoughts or memories and so on till you realize that there is enough material in it to fill a book as long as Gibbons's History and, indeed, that it would be much easier to write such a book than to read it.

In this respect writing resembles conversation. Conversation cannot be begun without a subject, and almost any subject will do to begin with. Human beings have often been derided for talking about the weather when they meet, but the weather is as good a door as any other by which to enter the palace of conversation. In my youth I hated talking about the weather, and if I met anyone else who shared my hatred, we used to stare at each other in an awkward silence, for what seemed hours, wondering what to talk about. Often on being introduced to a charming girl at a party I would stand before her in dumb agony, and, if she did not speak first, would stammer

out in desperation some such question as: "Are you a communicant?" merely for the sake of breaking the silence. Gradually, I discovered that I felt intensely grateful to any girl who on such an occasion did not wait till she had something worth saying before speaking, but burst out at once with: "It's fearfully cold to-night. Do you not think it's going to snow?" Here at least was a subject, and by the time meteorological speculations were exhausted new vistas of interest had miraculously opened out, and it was possible to pass from the weather by a series of rapid transitions to the discovery that both of you liked 'Tannhäuser,' or that each of you had a second cousin on the Gold Coast. Remembering this, I am sure that the weather has contributed more to the ease of social relationships than any other conversational subject.

And, if it is a good subject, it is not merely because it is a universal and infallible means of breaking the silence: it is also because it is fundamentally a difficult subject, calling the wits into immediate action. It is a subject which is no sooner broached than you have to devise some means of escaping from it. If by the end of three sentences you have not made the transition to some other topic, you may find yourself sinking in a perfect morass of comparisons between one wet day and another, or between one wet summer and another, without hope of rescue. That is why many conversationalists hasten as rapidly as possible to some easy subject, like the plays of the moment, on which it is possible to talk for almost any length of time and yet to maintain a certain freshness in the conversation. The very names of plays, of actors and of actresses, call up pleasant memories, and almost anybody who cares even a little for the theatre can be happy babbling names of the kind for an hour. I can imagine better conversations than those which run like: "Have you seen 'The Damsel in Distress'?" "No, but I saw 'Plunder' last week." "Everybody says it's very funny." "I simply screamed, though I don't like funny plays. I prefer something exciting, like 'The Squeaker.'" "I didn't see 'The Squeaker,' but I liked 'The Ringer.'" "What did you think of 'Alibi'?" "Well, I liked Charles Laughton in it." "I wonder what he'll be like in the 'Pickwick' play." "I wonder. I thought he was awfully good in that thing of Arnold Bennett's." This is not the kind of dialogue that Plato puts into the mouths of his characters, but if you go to a party I am sure it is better to talk like that than to talk like Socrates.

Weather, plays, people you know, places you have been to—all these have been condemned by experts as subjects beneath the level of a good conversationalist, but this I think is mere "highbrowism." Two human beings, meeting for the first time, are as a rule like two foreigners, each of whom knows only a few words of the other's language. They almost necessarily begin with the simplest phrases and on the simplest themes, and each of them is content if he can play a kind of gentle pat-ball of conversation, just as most of us are when talking to a Frenchman or an Italian.

That is why it is better, on being introduced to a man, to tell him that it is a cold day or a warm day or a wet day, though he knows this already, than to tell him that Mr. Defelyo Davis is bringing out a book on 'Grass Farming in the Welland Valley,' or to ask him what he thinks of gas-stoves. There is a great deal to be said about gas-stoves, but it is mostly dull. I could tell you a story about a gas-stove that would make you yawn till your jaws ached. "There was once a bishop who had a passion for grilled herrings and who, much to the annoyance of his wife, used to cook them before retiring for the night at the gas-stove in the bedroom —" But there is no need to go on. Besides, you can guess the rest of the story for yourself. And, anyhow, it is a very long story, and, if I were to tell it in detail it would be as long as 'David Copperfield,' and not nearly so interesting

FRAGMENT

FROM 'THE LONDINIAD,' A MORAL POEM, IN THE
HEROICK AND SATYRICK STYLE, BY MR. GROPE;
NEWLY DISCOVERED.

The Argument: The Authour, having surveyed the Buffle
of London in various Aspects, and pronounced severall juft
Encomiums on severall Publick Perfons, propofes (with great
Propriety) a Vifit to the *Eastern-Central* Diftrict.

... But why fhould Lords alone our Praife engage,
Financiers, Pops, and Idols of the Stage?
Rife, pious Mufe! and trip with eager Feet
Paft *Temple-bar*, and onward to the *Fleet*.
Here in his lofty Chamber, beft of men,
GLUCOSO fits, and tries his fluent Pen,
GLUCOSO! who throughout the varying Years,
Shows forth the Art of Writing without Tears,
With eafy Grace embellifhing his Page,
Now lauding, now admonifhing the Age,
With kindly Finger raif'd, and Counfel fage. }
"Should Curates Marry?"—"Will Dog-Racing
Stay?"—

"The *Wapping* Murder: Should the Woman Pay?"—
"Are Blue Eyes Fickle?"—"Does the *Bible*
Bore?"—

"Why Modern Girls are Franker than Before"—
"Cheaper Divorce"—"Does White Bread Make
One Stout?"—

"Dogma is Dead: a Fearlefs Dean Speaks Out."—
"A Science Bombfhell."—"Girls Who Mifs their
Chance"—

"Is There a Real Hereafter?"—"Doomed to
Dance":—

No burning Topick can elude his Quill,
Eager, emphatick, practif'd, full of Skill,
From grave to gay, from lively to auftere,
Sometimes inform'd, and often quite fincere,
As each fuccessive Sunday gilds the Eaft,
The Lenitive of the Suburban Breaf; }
Then with "GLUCOSO!" ring the City Streets,
"GLUCOSO!" all the fwelling Vale repeats.

Often, ere *Phæbus* roll'd his Chariot home,
Redd'ning the greater and the lefser Dome,¹
A Peer of parts GLUCOSO would invite
To treat of various Topicks, all polite—
As *Derby-Day*, and *Christmas*, Brighter Drefs,
The Seafide Girl, the Miflion of the Prefs—
"Some Human Story!" is his Lordfhip's cry,
"The well-known Punch! Let no Subscriber's Eye }
Reft on thofe Periods, and fill be dry."
GLUCOSO hears, and willingly obeys,
His Features wrapp'd in fympathetick Haze,
(For doubly happy, doubly bleft is he
That can command fuch Senfibility).

"Zounds!" cries my Lord, o'erjoyed, "D—n me,
'tis clear

We have a Source of untapp'd Treafure here!"

With fparkling Eye he ranges round the Town,
Liftens in all the Clubs, and notes it down,
Then haft'ning back he cries with fervent Glee,
"Cog's Body! Why, the very Thing! Tee-hee!"
Swift fly the Mefengers, GLUCOSO comes,
And all the Air with bufy Query hums.
"Religion," fays my Lord, "is to the Fore,
The Publick laps it up, and freams for more;
But not th' old-fashioned, dull, exacting Stuff,
For that is dead, Gogfwouns! and Time enough;
Let no fmug Theologian ftrive with Zeft
To anfwer what an Amateur knows beft,
'Training!'—and 'Logick!'—Zounds, what idle
Prate!

Who afks a Surgeon, now, to operate?

No! Let fome brifk, bright, free, untrammell'd
Hand

Scatter the feed, and fertilize the Land,
No Dogma, damme, but a breezy Style,

¹ Poffibly *St. Paul's*, and the *Old-Bailey*.

Broad, comprehensive, aiming all the while
To raife the Reader to an Upper Air,
While ftill reclining in a deep Arm-Chair.
So fhall true Uplift make a better Nation,
And double, poffibly, the Circulation."
He fpeaks; and Angels fwooping from the fkies,
Break into choral fongs of pleaf'd furprife,
And Printers' Devils thronging in the Lane
Give back the heav'nly Harmonies again,
While in the Nether-Regions *Sterne* cries "Ha!"
And "Tiens!" fays *Tartuffe*, "*ce p'tit bonhomme-là!*"

Thus when *Aurora* . . .

[CÆTERA DESUNT.]

WILL. GROPE, Gent.

SUPER-SUPER

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE super-super kinema has arrived. I
have been inside it. They call it The
Empire and it stands exactly where our old
acquaintance stood, on the north side of Leicester
Square. But let nobody imagine it is the same
place. These two Empires have their roots in
two different continents, for the old music-hall
was essentially European and the new kinema
is undoubtedly American. No, they do not belong
to the same age, perhaps not to the same
civilization. A social historian might do worse
than begin a gigantic study of our times with
an artful reference to the fall of the old Empire
and the sudden rise of the new.

I had never seen this new place until the
other afternoon, when its blaze of light drew me
through the drizzle and murk of Leicester Square.
I paid one-and-sixpence (the lowest price) and
found myself in a colossal and sumptuous
entrance hall. There was a vast central
candelabra, studded with bright globes of russet
gold, and a host of similar globes illuminated
the rich walls. Everywhere the decorations
seemed to be in chocolate and gold, a symbolic
combination. You saw immense marble balustrades
curving up into some mysterious and still more
opulent region beyond. Your feet were nearly
lost in the carpets. There seemed to be a
small chocolate army of attendants. Turning
to the left, still on the ground floor, I found
myself in a great lounge and tea-room, about
as big as the railway station in a provincial
town. There were five people eating and drink-
ing there—or it might have been fifty—or five
hundred—I did not stop to count them and any
number might have seemed a handful in that
room. I left a bag in the cloak-room, after being
assured by at least three attendants, who had
nothing much to do and were getting anxious,
that there was no charge, no charge whatever.
I had a wash, a free wash, in a massive and
spotless lavatory that offered me hot water,
soap, and a pile of clean towels. They looked
such good towels that I had a shock when I
discovered they were made of paper, and I had
to use four of them before I was completely dry.
Perhaps if I had asked for something to eat and
drink, I should have been given that for nothing
too, and if I had, I should not have been
surprised. As I returned to the main hall, left
the golden globes behind, and climbed stairs
sumptuous in chocolate and gilt, I began to feel
that I had wandered into the Arabian Nights.

When I reached the kinema itself, I was certain that my eighteen-pence had conjured me into something like the Baghdad of Haroun al-Raschid. My ticket admitted me into the Circle. And what a Circle! It made me dizzy. I could not see the beginning of it. A medieval artist would have thought it had been contrived for the Last Judgment. You could comfortably put the population of half a dozen villages into it. When I entered the whole place was shaking with sickly-sweet sound that seemed to come now from one side, now from another. Far below was a kind of gilded box illuminated by several searchlights, and then I noticed that a man was doing something to this box. He was playing it. It was an organ, an organ mysteriously suspended in mid-air. If I had been stone-deaf, I should have delighted in that fantastic instrument, but unfortunately I could hear only too well and I hated the sound of it.

When the organ faded from bright to dim gold and finally sank out of sight as well as out of hearing, there was a blessed interval of silence. It was followed by the sound of an orchestra, a large and enthusiastic orchestra. I craned my neck, but could see no orchestra. The next minute, however, I caught sight of the necks of three double-basses. Then the whole orchestra came into view; more and more lights came on magically; the trombones blared and the cymbals clashed; and this crazy orchestra still rose and rose. Old John Sebastian Bach himself would have muttered a short prayer at the sight of such a marvel, though when they had finished their two cheap and noisy items, he might have had a word or two to say to some of the instrumentalists. Still, there it was—a good large orchestra, big enough to tackle a symphony. After that, it accompanied the pictures, or rather, so far as I was concerned, it killed them. That is the trouble about music, it is so terribly real and urgent. You cannot make it the servant of a few flickering shadows on a screen. It blows their puling stuff to smithereens. You cannot show photographs of a pretty, vapid girl, pathetically imagining she is acting when she makes a few grimaces, and have fifty stout instrumentalists hard at work just below, sending out great gusts of joy and agony, and then expect those of us who have ears to bother our heads about the picture.

There was one space during which neither organ nor orchestra was visible and audible. If this had been truly the Arabian Night it resembled, I should say that during that time we were entertained by a demon or ifrit. And really that is the best way of describing the monstrous thing that happened. We were shown on the screen some curtains and from somewhere behind there came the most dreadful sounds, as if our orchestra, now out of sight, had gone to hell and could be heard lamenting there. After a minute or two of this, the photographed curtains parted to show us a stage, and on to the stage came a black man about eighteen feet high. He pranced about, took off his hat, put it on again, got down on his knees, and all the time opened and shut his cavernous mouth as if he were singing. And now into those strange sounds from behind there came a kind of voice, howling and moaning something about

"a mel-o-dee from out of the South." It was horrible, frightening.

What was most curious of all, however, was the fact that this great building, with its marble and carpets and candelabra and chocolate and gold, its changing coloured lights, its fantastic rising and falling orchestras, all its opulence and effort and superb ingenuity, was there to show those little bits of flickering nonsense on the screen. It was as if a government should call out an army corps to hunt down a few stray cats and dogs. The films I saw were just the same kind of films I have seen in adapted drill-halls and institutes that had nothing but fifteen rows of seats, a screen, a projector, and a tinny old piano. In such surroundings, they did well enough, being a fair substitute for lantern lectures, amateur nigger minstrel shows, or cantatas by the local Chapel choir. One went, was mildly amused for an hour or so, and went yawning home. But that everything in this immense, luxurious, and complicated palace should be at the service of such poor things seemed to me monstrous. To sit in that colossal circle, to hear the thunder of the orchestra, to see the purple, lilac, and orange lights change and fade, to watch the velvet curtains on the stage sweep up, and then—at the end of it all—to have nothing but a bit of black-and-white moving photography—it was preposterous. Any films, however good they were, would have seemed absurd set in such a framework. But the ones I saw were not good, they were of an incredible stupidity. It is not that they were not beautiful, tragic, richly comic, deeply significant; they were not amusing; they were nothing, just poor feeble vulgar little shadows. I left in the middle of the most important one—the pretty, vapid girl was still grimacing and the orchestra was thundering away as if Hamlet was lying dead in Elsinore—and as I climbed the steep cliff of the Circle, descended the chocolate and gold stairs, walked under the great candelabra, I still felt rather dazed, like a man who had visited the British Museum and found there nothing but two or three egg-shells and a broken umbrella. I am still wondering, but I am not grumbling. There is nothing to grumble at in being given a slice of the Arabian Nights for one-and-sixpence.

EPITAPH

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

WE are those unthriftly souls
Who watered dusty streets with wine;
Gathered pearls from Indian shoals
And cast them royally to swine;
Our most precious love who strowed
To be trampled by the crowd;
Freely broached our hearts' red blood
To dye the garments of the proud;
Who have sung away our years
To soothe the perjurer and the thief;
Poured for the heartless, healing tears;
Fed the tyrant with our grief;
Paid the price we never owed;
Prayed to gods who ask no prayer;
Climbed the high encumbered road
Never asking why or where.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE DE-RATING SCHEME

SIR,—You have done me the honour to devote a paragraph to criticism of a letter I sent to the *Manchester Guardian* on the de-rating scheme. You describe my arguments as "sentimentalism and sophistry."

My main argument was, that as the "formula" is to govern the future distribution of grants-in-aid, we must be satisfied, before adopting it, that it will work justly, if logically applied. I pointed out that under the formula Rochdale—a hard-hit cotton town, with serious unemployment—would lose £38,000 a year; and that Brighton, a pleasure city without industry or unemployment, would gain £38,000 a year. Can it be said that a formula which produces such a result is defensible? Is it "sentimentalism" or is it "sophistry" to point out this fact?

I also pointed out that to give a heavy premium to towns which have a large infant population must necessarily penalize those distressed areas in which eight years of bad trade have made it difficult for young people to marry or to have children. Is this "sophistry"?

I further pointed out that to give a premium to towns with high unemployment figures where nothing has been done to relieve unemployment, as compared with towns with a similar unemployment burden which have increased their rates by relieving unemployment, is quite unjust. You twist my argument into a suggestion that relief should be given to towns for *not* having unemployment. Where lies the sophistry? In my argument? Or in your reply?

I pointed out that, in a particular instance which I used for the purpose of illustration, the result of the Government's proposals as a whole, if logically applied, would be to increase the rates of a depressed industrial town by perhaps 2s. 10d. in the £. This seems a strange result of a scheme designed to help industry and the depressed areas! But to you this is a "parochial approach" to the subject.

Yet the Government itself recognizes these preposterous results of its formula. In order to cover up the consequences of its blunder, it proposes to impose heavy additional burdens upon the taxpayer. Is it mere "sentimentalism" to disapprove of such shiftless and improvident finance?

Do not forget that the Government has increased the taxpayer's burden by about £32,000,000 per annum in order to relieve industry. Is it "sentimentalism" to want to make sure that we have got value for our money? And if we find that the greater part of this vast sum is going to prosperous concerns which need no relief; that the rates in some depressed areas are likely to be seriously increased; and that Government grants are in the future to be distributed on a wholly illogical basis, is it "sophistry" to protest?

I am, etc.,

RAMSAY MUIR

[This letter confirms our view that Mr. Ramsay Muir has had to descend to sophistry to find arguments against the Bill. Mr. Muir repeats in this letter the method of argument he used in his letter to the *Manchester Guardian* which was the object of our criticism. We characterized it as sophistical and sentimental; he now implies to us the application of the word sophistry to what we quite obviously meant to characterize as sentimental,

and of the word sentimentality to what we equally obviously meant to characterize as sophistry. The Local Government Reform Bill is not a Bill to relieve depressed areas only or even chiefly: it is a Bill to relieve *all* productive industry; the "formula" is so based as to favour depressed areas. No system of local taxation that we know or can conceive of, would be perfectly just. The immediate advantages likely to be derived by industry in general from this Bill should far outweigh any minor shortcomings in its local applications. We must repeat about this letter what we said about the first, that if this is the most that a man of Mr. Muir's ability can find to say against the Bill, then the Bill cannot be seriously defective.—Ed. S.R.]

JUSTICE TO ANIMALS

SIR,—I was pleased to note Mr. Crick's observation to the effect that my protest against the export of worn-out horses will be generally endorsed; however, subject to his better judgment I would suggest that those right-minded people who desire to put a stop to cruelty to animals are not in the slightest degree concerned with the views held by Pius IX towards the animal creation, they being satisfied beyond all reasonable doubt that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

My Biblical knowledge is, I fear, somewhat rusty, yet I attribute that text to one infinitely greater than Pius IX, who was mortal and went the way of all men, and in whose creed it appears that compassion towards the dumb creation was not a marked feature; I would, therefore, respectfully commend to Mr. Crick's notice the life and teachings of St. Francis of Assisi.

I admit that fine-spun ethical questions may be weaved about "justice" to animals—"duty" to animals and the "rights" of animals, questions involving endless discussion; yet the dominant fact remains that all forms of cruelty are contrary to the Divine Law and wholly incompatible with the teachings of the Creator.

In conclusion, I still maintain that the question of animal suffering is one of political importance, and I rejoice to find that those worthy politicians, Sir Robert Gower and Mr. Ammon, think likewise, and are acting accordingly; further, evidence is not lacking that public opinion on this matter has at last been roused.

Thanking you, Sir, for your impartial and scrupulous fairness towards the views expressed by Mr. Crick and myself,

I am, etc.,

EDWIN M. BEEDELL

Wanstead, Pembroke Avenue, Hove

UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Tournebroche," in his letter on the above subject, states there was no unemployment during the last war and that there will be none during the world war. I think I can give him one solution to this perplexing problem.

During the Great War all foreigners were expelled from this country—the others were interned and not allowed to work. Only food-stuffs were imported from America and our own Colonies—everything required was made in this country by British labour. Consequently the people were all in employment.

The Government could help by compelling all able-bodied persons to work on the land in return for either the dole or other relief.

I am, etc.,

"BRITON"

[Many letters are held over owing to lack of space.

—Ed. S.R.]

ART YET AGAIN

By WALTER BAYES

Ghosts. By Max Beerbohm. Leicester Galleries.

IN his youth, Mr. Beerbohm had less than justice done to him by art critics on the ground that he "could not draw"; he has survived to see a race of newspaper reporters in the guise of critics who undervalue him because he can. Nor is it to be denied that, in proportion as the great journals of to-day accustom themselves to judge of works of art on their "news-value," an artist is temerarious who puts out an exhibition of caricatures containing not one of the later arrivals among his contemporaries. How can he expect the admirers of Mr. Noel Coward and the like to "push it along"? The word goes round, "Max has not moved with the times."

He hardly seems ashamed of it—seems even to have been genially reconciled to such a verdict from the first. "To be demoded," he wrote—and how long ago?—"To be demoded is to become a classic if you have written well. I shall join the hierarchy of good scribes and I rather like my niche." He would hardly, I think, have ventured to have foreseen how desirable a niche fate had in reserve for him as an artist also, for, genuinely modest, he would have been the first to accept the then current view that it was a pity he could not draw. That ceased to be true long before people left off saying it, but it had some truth in it at the very first, though even then I remember being assured by Mr. Sidney Sime (with the prevision of "a rather uncanny intelligence") that Max was our greatest caricaturist.

The simplest form of caricature is really a linear art—the "funny faces" by which the funny man of any company provokes applause consisting frequently of the mere wriggling line of a profile—like the temple of a cornice without any known back or with a back filled in perfunctorily and without any structural relation to it. And seeing that Mr. Beerbohm's first caricatures were really almost as elementary, it was not straining the truth to say that he could not draw. But most of what is called linear design is at least more than this. As soon as outlines surround a recognizable area, it is clear that the axial elements of that area—the internal centrifugal thrusts implied by its shape—may, along with an element of overlapping of area over area, become far more important than the quality of line as such and are the dominant element of a drawing. It is a little curious that while we hear a great deal about line and a good deal about cubist or plastic design, the phrase "area design" is hardly ever used, though it is the principal element in five-sixths of the pictorial art of the world. Nor is it so clearly recognized as it might be that there is a distinction between the axes implied by a figure as an area and the axial system, often decidedly different, that belongs to it as a solid.

In the last cubist sense Mr. Beerbohm's power as a draughtsman is, of course, limited by the fact that his method scarcely includes the element of light and shade, yet how admirably does he estimate in what mode each of his very varied drawings should be couched. He is the master of a very difficult craft, the present drawings showing not, perhaps, greater inspiration than their predecessors but an increased cleverness. It is precisely for that reason that in a day when professional capacity is out of fashion it is alleged against him that he can hardly be a modern because he draws too well.

But drawings could hardly be done with more ease, with less appearance of study. They are called ghosts, and we are reminded of the old query of whether if phantoms of the dead were really materialized before

us we should find them wearing collars and ties. These drawings have a perfect sense of the degree in which clothes are or are not a part of the personality embodied before our eyes. We are shown sometimes alleged "psychic drawings" wrought under abnormal conditions by a medium and they are usually mannered in technique and full of the bad habits of third-rate professional draughtsmen. Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures really look as though they had made themselves and might fitly engage the attention of the Psychic Society. It must sometimes have occurred to artists to ask themselves—in view of the possibility of being able to use it for an indefinite number of centuries—to ask themselves (indeed with some misgivings) what sort of a plastic medium ectoplasm would prove to be. Certain of those caricatures, such as the 'Martin Harvey' (101), seem to throw some light on the problem.

The three portraits (hung together) of Lord Rosebery at different periods (96-98) are a thought less gelatinous (after all we like to think of a politician as somewhat less variable than an actor) but they again give an insight into the elasticity with which such a material may twist and change its proportions yet keep something which is common to all its transformations. But how puzzling must his Lordship have been to his hatter had the proportions of his head really changed in such a degree.

It is a property, I suspect, of such manifestations of automatic posthumous plasticity that while sometimes one personality will produce several widely-different "ghosts," we sometimes find one ghost will serve several individuals. Thus I have never met Sir George Chetwynd, but while I cast no doubts on his resemblance to the drawing (No. 26), I find it entirely satisfactory as an evocation of my old *Athenæum* editor, Mr. Vernon Rendall, and doubtless others will be struck by similar exemplifications of the fact that in these sublimated regions of thought the distinction between a type and an individual tends to be lost. They are such stuff as dreams are made on—so elastic in externals, so definite in thought.

If the modern movement in Art has done anything for us, it should have broken down the unreal distinction between a drawing and a caricature and left us free to realize the importance of this historic collection. Everyone will have his favourites among the exhibits, but as a rule I have found that my own are simply those with the originals of which I have been best acquainted.

MUSIC

PANTOMIME AT OXFORD

WEBER'S 'Der Freischütz' is one of those works about which we all, of course, know everything, though the number of us who have seen it performed on the stage is comparatively small. It is one of the great landmarks of German opera, a typical product of the Romantic movement, the harbinger of Wagner's music-drama—and so on and so forth. These things are as true as most other generalizations; but we have had little chance of testing their truth. Even when, two years ago, the centenary of Weber's death provided an excellent reason for reviving this, if no other, of his operas, Covent Garden, where of all places his name should have been remembered with gratitude, passed him over.

Last week the Oxford University Operatic Society offered us the chance of hearing and seeing 'Der Freischütz' on the stage. The first thing that appeared from this performance was that the genius of Weber as an operatic composer has certainly not been set too high by conventional opinion. Even the familiar Overture, the worn coinage of a hundred

concerts, took on even in an indifferent performance a new complexion. It became a part of something greater, at once falling into its place in a scheme and whetting the appetite for what was to come, when the magic curtain should be parted. What did in fact follow was in many ways poor enough. Weber was not lucky in his librettists, though he was to plumb greater depths of inanity in the company of Helmina von Chezy, author of 'Euryanthe' and 'Rosamunde.' There is certainly nothing incredible in the tale that Friedrich Kind wrote the text of 'Der Freischütz' in a week. Yet, if the libretto has small literary merit and the tale itself is on the absurd side of imaginative creation, the story is at least coherent and intelligible (which is not to say that it is credible), and, most important of all, it provides the composer with a number of situations admirably adapted for expression in music.

Though the historical criterion is not final, when we are passing judgment on a work of art, it is worth remembering that, when 'Der Freischütz' was written, there existed only two great masterpieces of German opera, 'Die Zauberflöte' and 'Fidelio.' Weber's work combines the picturesque magic of the one with the moralizing ethics of the other. The result is, in virtue of Weber's music, a thoroughly good romantic opera, German to the core. The bogies come out of German fairy-tales, the Hermit is a familiar figure in German art from Dürer to 'Parsifal,' and Aennchen (*anglicé* Annie) shows herself in her interpretation of Agathe's dream to be a true countrywoman of Professor Freud.

The music, too, is as German as can be, so German that a vivacious passage in the *finale*, where everyone says how happy they are all going to be, sounds by contrasts with the rest almost like Rossini. But it is not merely in its heaviness and seriousness that this music is German. It has that feeling, both for the picturesque incident and for characterization, which is conspicuous in German music from the time of Bach to the time of Strauss. Bach illustrating the Bible, Beethoven painting a landscape, Weber putting devils in lurid colours on his canvas, Wagner reproducing sunrise on a mountain or noon-tide heat in the forest, and Strauss acting as guide on a climb in the Alps—all belong to the same artistic family. And Weber's contribution, both in what he did himself and in what he made possible for others, is not the least of them. The characterization of Agathe and Aennchen may be equalled by others, but it has not been surpassed, and, whether he is painting storm or sunshine, he always finds exactly the right orchestral medium and uses it with the economy which is one sign of genius.

Young Oxford attempted a very difficult task when it turned from the classical opera of Monteverdi and Gluck to Weber's romantic melodrama, and, if the attempt had been honestly and seriously made, the inevitable failure would have been an honourable one. No such attempt appeared to have been made. The work was approached in the spirit of a charade, in which it would be great fun to take a part. The Wolf's Glen scene was burlesqued without even being made really funny, and some cheap laughs were raised out of Lady Macfarren's translation of the libretto, whose only fault is that it contains some old-fashioned and stilted turns of phrase. It seems to have occurred to no one of those concerned that the translation should have been brought into line with modern ideas of stage-diction, or that the style of the whole opera should be carefully studied and made the basis of the production. One could have forgiven the antiquated scenery, some of which, I could swear, was used for a performance of 'Les Huguenots' by the O'Mara Opera Company in 1913, if there had been any attempt to make the best, and not the worst, of it. There was no sign of imagination in anything that was done, and when the stage-

directions made any exceptional demand on that faculty, they were ignored. In short, it seemed as if no one thought the opera was worth any trouble.

I do not mean that a lot of people have not worked hard at it, but not one of them had got down to the first principles of the thing and worked out how it should be done. If this seems to be a very solemn view to take of an undergraduate entertainment I can but reply that if the opera was worth all the work and expense entailed in doing it at all, it was worth doing well—at least in the matter of style. It is impossible not to make comparisons with Cambridge, where, thanks to a tradition of genuine scholarship, which owes more than a little to the activities of the present Professor of Music during the last twenty years, the performances of opera by members of the University have been of real value both to Cambridge and to English musicians generally. 'King Arthur' was a notable artistic success in the face of difficulties at least as great as those with which Oxford was faced last week. But so long as that careless and complacent attitude, which is thought to be proper in a city of dreaming spires, is maintained, Oxford cannot hope to rival her sister in the more bracing fens in the theatre, or, for that matter, outside it on the river or the football field. They take these things seriously in Cambridge, but no one will accuse them of a lack of high spirits.

H.

THE THEATRE

'TOPAZE'

BY JOHN PALMER

Paris, December, 1928

THE autumn season in Paris began with a massacre of the innocents. Dead and dying productions of the vanguard still encumber the stricken field. Of plays for the younger public, which make no concessions to the frivolity of middle age, experience begins to show that only the classics are really safe. M. Pitoëff with Shakespeare and Tolstoy, M. Dullin with Aristophanes, are inducing the immortals to pay for the good intentions of an eager generation which too often builds its house upon the sand, and the youth of Paris is driven for good cheer and refreshment to the joyous tragedy of 'Hamlet' and the amazing adventures of the 'Living Corpse.'

Of the plays that aim at a strictly contemporary success, only one has this season hit the mark—four acts, entitled 'Topaze,' by M. Marcel Pagnol. We have been waiting for M. Pagnol. Some three or four years ago he appeared as part author of 'Les Marchands de Gloire,' one of the best plays written since the war. 'Les Marchands de Gloire' was, in spirit and subject, a genuine post-war play—bitter, fantastic, savagely amusing, bracing as an east wind, an exposure of the men who deliberately or unconsciously exploit the heroism of the unknown warrior for public or private ends. 'Topaze,' the new play of M. Pagnol at the 'Variétés,' has not the relentless perfection of 'Les Marchands de Gloire,' which was too severe for the normal playgoer. But it has the same spirit; and, though the author allows himself occasional diversions from his theme, and there are one or two scenes which, in comparison with the rest, slip rather too easily from the pen, the play as a whole brilliantly justifies its astonishing success.

There is, alas! nothing very novel in the theme. Poverty, which in the class-room is not a vice, is in the world the worst of all possible offences. Money which, according to the philosophers, is the last of the blessings, is in an economic society the measure of them all. Topaze believes in the copybooks. He is

content at the end of his day's work as a schoolmaster to rest in the conviction that he has honestly done his best by his pupils. He is too simple to realize that he is being exploited by his director, whose chief interest in life is to secure and retain for his college the sons of gentlemen. Topaze is too good to be true, but in the theatre nothing succeeds like excess. Even the children know better than Topaze. What, asks Topaze, does the good man feel at the end of an honest day's work? He feels tired, suggests one of the brighter pupils, and for that answer the mark is zero. For this is a class in moral philosophy, and the right answer, according to all the best authorities, is that the good man after an honest day's toil feels happy because he has done his duty.

Topaze is shortly to know better. A fashionable mother calls to see the director. She cannot understand why her son, who is, of course, intelligent and a perfect darling, is always bottom of the class. Topaze explains. The boy is bottom of the class because he is not so good as the others—a most unsatisfactory pupil in many ways. There must be some mistake, says the director, with nods and winks that even the blindest horse could hardly fail to miss. But Topaze sees nothing, and continues to explain very earnestly to the indignant mother why her boy is less highly marked than his fellows. A bribe is offered him for a good report. He does not even know that he is refusing it. Dismissed by his furious employer, he wanders off into the complicated world. There he meets a municipal councillor, who is looking for a man of straw to put his name to contracts which, as a public man, he could scarcely sign in person without finding himself sooner or later in the dock. Topaze is engaged on the spot. He is at first too simple to know what it all means, except that life has become rather easy all of a sudden. Soon, however, he realizes his position, and then the fun begins—bitter fun, with anger and pity behind it, but made acceptable by the fantasy and wilful exaggeration with which it is presented. At the end of the play Topaze is transformed. The only honesty that remains to him is the honesty that faces facts. He at least knows he is a rascal and explains why it should be necessary.

The author drives home his indictment till it is logically complete. It seemed for a moment as though we were to be permitted at least a touch of sentiment at the close. One honest man remained—a former colleague of Topaze at the college, still poor and still content. He comes to visit his friend to warn him that he has heard scandalous rumours, which he does not, of course, believe, of the transactions in which Topaze is engaged. Topaze electrifies his old comrade by telling him the truth and expounding the gospel of money, which is power, pleasure and liberty. The only surviving honest man, left alone to meditate these revelations, bows his head in sorrow. To him enters one of the stenographers employed by Topaze in his impressive establishment. "How many stenographers has M. le directeur?" the honest man enquires. "Seven," answers the girl. "Which of them is his secretary?" the honest man continues. "M. le directeur hasn't a secretary," the girl replies. A gleam of intelligence illuminates the face of the honest man. "Ah," he says, "M. le directeur hasn't a secretary." Exit the honest man, very thoughtful.

You cannot indict a nation, said Edmund Burke, and this has been extended to mean that wholesale indignation is barren. That, however, is exactly what all the successful philosophers, who breed revolutions and inspire reforms, have refused to believe. And the philosophers are right. The success of 'Topaze' lies in the quick response it arouses in an audience which at first sight it would seem most likely to offend. For men love justice though they may pursue iniquity, and 'Topaze' appeals directly to the sentiment of justice. The treatment is wayward and fantastic, the mood of the play superficially a mood of exasperation, the indictment purely destructive. But it is inspired by the motive

of all generous satire and, though the accent is sometimes thin and even peevish, there is here an authentic contribution to that enterprise of laughing men out of their vices which may in the end prove to be more effective than more solemn forms of exhortation. The play is admirably acted.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—145

SET BY H. C. HARWOOD

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in not more than twelve lines, and in the manner of 'The Shropshire Lad,' on Christmas.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the wittiest account of himself that Santa Claus could contribute to 'Who's Who.'

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 145a, or LITERARY 145b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, December 17, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of December 22.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 143

SET BY ALFRED WAREING

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a selection, in not more than 500 words, from an imaginary criticism by Dr. Samuel Johnson—and in his most characteristic manner—of Robert Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' The portion should deal with the poem as such as well as Blougram's beliefs.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem, of 24 lines, modelled upon that of William Ernest Henley's 'Operation' (which commences, "You are carried in a basket"), describing a first ascent in an aeroplane from the time of arrival at the aerodrome to the time when the aeroplane, having reached the desired height, straightens out for its journey.

REPORT FROM MR. ALFRED WAREING

143A. To set a competition is great fun; judging is different. Serenity left me from the moment I saw Competition No. 143 in type. I suffered when I thought of the heavy strain I had laid upon hundreds of my betters (I have never in my life "gone in for a competition"), realizing that I "half ignorant" had "turned an easy wheel that set sharp racks to work." Calm returned when the entries reached me. Though they came from all over the country they were not as numerous as I had feared, and most of them so "friendly-like" that I could not help thinking how pleasurable it would be to meet the writers. One of them (Majolica's) missed the idea but hit a better one (which showed how amusingly the thing might

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have been done) by reporting an imaginary conversation which opened "Sir, this verse is so blank as to be unintelligible" and concluding: "In short, Sir, Mr. Browning's performance may be indicted upon two counts; it gives us bad theology in a Poem and bad poetry in a Theological Treatise." This treatment would have given students of Boswell a rare opportunity.

Some competitors sent admirable criticisms of Browning but failed to reach the Johnsonian manner. H. C. M. got very near; James Hall, although he caught more than one happy touch, was further off; Lester Ralph's was a gallant effort but an allusion to "the meanest scribbler in the employ of Mister Tonson" gave the Wardour Street touch to his antiquity. Non Omnia's was excellent criticism, but a poor attempt at the Doctor's manner. Ascanio, Sartor, W. F. A. and Trismegistus went wide of the mark. Whether Muriel M. Malvern or Valimus should have second prize was the difficult part of the judging; in the end I decided to recommend Valimus. There was no hesitation in naming W. G. for the First Prize; his effort is reprinted. There is unfortunately, no room to print the entry of the second prize-winner. Will W. G. send his address to the Editor?

FIRST PRIZE

In the fantastick imagery of the Orient, Elegance is said to be the fortunate child of Truth and Art, round whose cradle gather genies, slaves of the mighty King Solomon, bearing the gold of Virtue, the frankincense of Honour, and the myrrh of Wit. In these verses of Mr. Browning we behold Inelegance, the ignominious offspring of Casuistry and Artificiality, robed in the rags of Vice, crowned with the tinsel circlet of Dishonesty, and swaying the pasteboard sceptre of Dulness.

The theme well suits the verses, for verses they are, when measured with the footrule. Let us admit that Mr. Browning's Muse does not halt. She moves with equable but elephantine tread among a noxious vegetation of half-finished sentences, and in her enormous footprints there spring up the insinuation, the equivocation, and the hyphen. If hyphens were literary currency, Mr. Browning would be in immediate danger of arrest as a coiner. However, he should be given credit for what he has undoubtedly achieved. His lines are the same length. So were the guests of Procrustes.

Mr. Browning's work is supposed to represent the Jesuitical attempt of a Bishop of the Romish Church to evolve a kind of Whiggish philosophy which will enable him to make the best of both worlds. He means to be Dives in this world and Lazarus in the next. The second part of his wish he leaves to his Creator, apparently without misgivings. For the first part he will trust nobody less acute than himself. His chief end is summed up in the lines:

Body gets its sop and holds its noise,
And leaves soul free a little.

The elegance of the Bishop's diction is equalled by the asceticism of his philosophy. Here is no mortification of the flesh. The Bishop has confessed to himself and set his own penance. Hairshirts, scourges, long prayers and short commons, the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, are for simpler souls. *Ut Leo semper feriatur*, said the Templar, renouncing the world. *Ut Porcus semper saginetur*, says the Bishop, reaching for the bottle. On this ladder of cakes and ale he hopes to scale the walls of Paradise.

It is difficult to speak with moderation of such reasoning. Here is a man, a standard-bearer of his Church, who walks open-eyed into the chief snare of the Enemy, and, waist-deep in the slough, proclaims in trumpet tones that he is treading on firm ground, in a flowery mead indeed, and that his heart goes out in pity to those misguided souls who keep the stony track. Those who care to follow him through the

morass of crazy metaphors which he terms argument will be relieved to find, on the last page, that Mr. Browning does not wholly agree with him. This is the redeeming feature of the work. W. G.

1438. The entries, few and poor, showed (a) that Henley's poetry is little known to those eager spirits who embark upon these competitions and (b) that there are not many who have experience or imagination enough to write convincingly about an ascent in an aeroplane. James Hall did well enough to merit honourable mention, which Muriel M. Malvern also deserves. T. E. Casson's great little poem was overcrowded with classical allusions—not a bit like Henley! Fuselage, Robinson Crusoe, Charles King and Flotsam, though they may know something about aviation, showed a complete ignorance of the model they should have studied. I recommend Pibwob for the First Prize. No Second Prize is awarded.

THE WINNING ENTRY

You are hurried in a motor
To the aerodrome, a circus,
Where, like birds or flying saurians,
Planes regard you from their hangars.
Then you mount the . . . (what d'you call it?)
And they strap you in securely,
Lest the fumes of oil and petrol
Fail to act as anæsthetics.
Next the pilot pulls a lever,
And the plane awakes and shudders,
Growls and ramps along the trackway
Like a kangaroo in anguish.
While you miserably wonder
Can you stand it? Lo! your stomach
Loops the loop—you're leaning backward,
And the scenery falls from you.
By these tokens you conjecture
You've eluded *terra firma*:
You feel sick and pale and giddy,
And you think about your mother.
Suddenly the motion changes.
It's the ending. You remember
Nose dives . . . falling leaf . . . air-
pockets . . .
"Straightened out," the pilot calls it.

PIBWOB

FOR
QUICK STARTING
YOU NEED BOTH

SHELL
Motor Oil and Petrol

The Quick Starting Pair

BACK NUMBERS—CII

THE critic who is without courage is apt in dealing with a contemporary to say that posterity will rightly estimate, etc., etc.—an excuse for shuffling out of the execution of his duty. But is it so perfectly certain that posterity will judge rightly? In a century of these articles now I have, in a small way, and with licence to indulge a few quite personal tastes, been playing the part of posterity to the Saturday Reviewers of the 'fifties, 'sixties, 'seventies. But the question, of course, is not of one Saturday Reviewer of to-day against a host of Saturday Reviewers of the past, most of them far more learned, far more variously accomplished, some of them so eminent that comparison would be matter for a week's laughter. What I am groping towards, through a local instance, is the general assumption that posterity is right.

There is some excuse for such a belief. The mere charlatan who happens to please gullible contemporaries ("his nonsense suits their nonsense," as our delightful Charles II said of the popular ecclesiastic) gets found out: there is a fashion in humbug. Ossian charmed all sorts of intelligent people, and long after the craze interested at least three men of genius. But he was only a window thrown open in a stuffy house, letting in Scotch mist, and when the true romantics opened those casements looking on perilous seas in faery lands forlorn, it was Ossian who felt the draught. There is one passage in him, a rhapsody addressed to the sun, and speculating on the future when the sun will be dead, inert to the call of the morning, over which a critic must pause. It is fustian, but there really is a gleam of grandiose imagination in it. For the rest, at any rate as far as I can remember his cloudy work, Macpherson is sheer fudge. So in a very different way was Tupper. But that such writers should be found out in time is nothing remarkable; nor that a tame, not unaccomplished versifier like Pomfret, whose 'Choice' was for a century the most popular poem in the language, should be forgotten.

Take genuine writers, and ask what justification there is for that confidence in the wisdom of posterity. Incidentally, ask at what stage we can be said to have reached posterity's opinion. Donne was a great poet to perhaps all the more intelligent of his contemporaries, fell into more than two centuries of neglect, and is now a great poet once more. Shakespeare, pretty generally undervalued in his own day, was the object of a lunatical worship in the nineteenth century, when the conduct of his characters was often discussed as if they were not persons in a play but free to step out of the plots in any direction. At what point in the development or fluctuation of opinion is posterity for our purpose to be fixed?

It will hardly be suggested that there is a steady progress in æsthetic intelligence. An illusion of progress can be obtained from reflecting that whereas, for instance, forty odd years ago a great many quite intelligent people thought Lewis Morris a considerable poet, the few now aware of him raise their eyebrows at mention of his name. Unfortunately, until very lately, they also grimaced at mention of Tennyson. Still more, unfortunately, they make about Mr. X, a contemporary, precisely the mistake their fathers made about Lewis Morris.

Certainly there is some gain. Supreme critical intelligences, Coleridge's, Lamb's, Walter Pater's, work upon a great writer, and less-inspired researchers add to knowledge of him, and in time it becomes easier to

appreciate him. But the number of readers who both profit to the full by criticism and yet expose a virginal mind to the criticized writer is always small. An enormously large proportion of those who benefit in one way by having read the best that has been written about a master never truly experience him for themselves; and the true test is not what a reader of to-day, aided by Coleridge, Arnold, Pater and others, thinks about Wordsworth, but what he would think of a new reincarnated Wordsworth. I know at least one distinguished authority on the Elizabethan dramatists who would run shrieking from the twentieth-century equivalent of Marlowe or of Cyril Tourneur, and I think it decreed by the justice of God that professors of literature, when they die, shall be punished by introduction to the writers they praised.

Let it be acknowledged that there are some few writers whose position is fixed, and it must be added that not all of them are very great writers or have to wait for posterity to allot their station. We have two such living among us now, Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. A. E. Housman. Part of the work of Mr. Bridges is open to argument, to rather tiresome technical argument, and that may be curiously esteemed at various times, or, as seems to me probable, may drop out of view. But the poet of twenty of the best lyrics of his maturity has a position which could deteriorate only if poetry itself fell into neglect, and which cannot improve because the first who gave it to him, the first to notice his poems at all, were inevitably connoisseurs of poetry. With Mr. A. E. Housman there is not even a small proportion of debatable matter. You cannot admire him for the wrong reasons; if those reasons count with you, you will not admire him at all.

And that, I think, brings me, after rather random-seeming remarks, to the argument towards which I have been groping. The writers whose position cannot be defined, by a sensitive and experienced criticism, in their own day or soon after are writers with irrelevant attractions. Byron had captured his age with a flashily romantic egotism, and a pose of being at once aloof from the world and above it: he was so shallow an egotist as to suppose himself made interesting only on peerage, lameness, scandal, instead of by the naked personality; and he was neither aloof from the world, a consciousness of the gaze of it on him being the very subject of his poetry, nor above it. The imposture was bound to be discovered. But the sincerity of his acceptance of his true position in 'Don Juan,' the tiger caged indeed, but leaving it for conjecture whether the bars would sustain the assault of that scornfully latent strength, could not be seen till the pseudo-romantic tosh had been thrust away.

Literature is an impure part, and what is impure in it, irrelevant æsthetically, is often, especially for contemporaries, the most exciting part of it. The eighteenth century is looking for an outlet on the infinite, and when Macpherson's forgeries give it one merely on the vogue, it is too pleased to be critical. Byron's contemporaries are hungry for what would now, on one side of it, be sheik romance, and accept 'The Corsair' as the young lady at the manicurist's to-day accepts the sheik. Blake's contemporaries are not looking for symbolism, and, so far as they get the chance of seeing his work, see only the symbolism. Irrelevantly achieved popularity and unpopularity: these posterity corrects. But as regards what is essential in the genius of a writer, the appeal to posterity has little meaning. With lapse of time, it becomes much easier not to be utterly wrong about a writer, more difficult to face his novelty.

STET.

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REVIEWS

TWO BOOKS ON CHRISTMAS

BY T. EARLE WELBY

A Christmas Book. Compiled by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine. Dent. 6s.

An Anthology of Christmas Prose and Verse. Edited by D. L. Kelleher. The Cresset Press. 15s.

THEY were franker and braver about Christmas than we are. These two anthologies, and especially the volume edited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Heseltine, may set a reader wondering whether there has not been a progressive decline in appreciation of the sacredness of joy. If there was a fall when the pagan sense of something religious in abandonment was replaced by the conception of Apollo degraded into Apollyon, of the wine-god as "a Bacchus who had been in hell," of Venus grown malign in an epoch that would not acknowledge her benign, has there not been a still greater fall from the sanctioned merry-making of the medieval world to our anarchical junketing?

Of course, literature is not an altogether safe indication of the general temper of an age. It may be doubted if "popular" literature was ever really popular; and it may be supposed that the masses only awaited the opportunity given them by the invention of printing and universal education to reveal their preference for written matter without any literary nonsense about it. Yet it does seem that the medieval and some of the rather later literature of Christmas corresponded to a then fairly general, and now almost wholly lost, mode of feeling, according to which revelry was part of ritual. That a good deal of paganism persisted under disguise is a commonplace, but perhaps it was with a higher excuse than the perversity of converts and the opportunism of the Church in secondary matters. Perhaps the lay and clerical elements alike felt that a religion which could not accommodate and dignify excesses would be very incomplete. At any rate, the medieval world did find room for buffoonery in the sacred stable, and took the transitions from mass to mummery and prayer to potation with very much less sense of incongruity than the modern world feels.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis and his co-editor, therefore, are not merely indulging a freakish preference for the medieval in their anthology; they are quite rightly concentrating on the literature most thoroughly and finely expressive of the feast. They have chosen to go back further, on the pretext of the relation between saturnalia and Christmas revelry, and excerpts from Martial give a certain novelty to the volume; but this seems to me of doubtful benefit. To be sure, the Virgilian prophecy has a very strong claim to inclusion, and in regard to it I will only ask why the Virgilian association with early Christianity, a matter of curious interest, should not have been developed by including the medieval Latin poem in which St. Paul is figured as mourning that he came too late to win the poet to the faith. Martial is to the point as respects Christmas presents and so on, but surely too pagan to be in place. There is paganism enough in the Goliardic songs, and the very best of those Carmina Burana, "Saevit auræ," etc., is utterly beside the purpose; still I feel sorry the editors have not smuggled in something from that delightful collection. Their principles are properly generous; they print many welcome things which belong to

feasting in general rather than to the particular feast; and I grieve that they did not here make a concession. But very seldom have editors of an anthology given so little cause for complaint. Wide reading, good taste, and a little of that healthy prejudice without which an anthology is insipid, have made their book comprehensive, valuable and amusing.

As to carols and cognate poetry, no doubt academic industry has effected an elaborate classification, but for the present purpose there are just three classes: the genuine, the inspired modern *pastiche*, and the vulgar modern fake. In shunning modernity, Mr. Wyndham Lewis and his colleague have spared us many horrible things, and Mr. Kelleher has not been wise in printing in his collection that carol which is the only poor *pastiche* ever produced by Swinburne. But on the whole the large volume from the Cresset Press is on its rather more conventional lines a worthy rival of the smaller volume from Messrs. Dent in regard to the poetry it contains. Where Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Heseltine have the advantage is in the greater variety and independence of their miscellaneous matter. Their excerpts often have the effect of quotations in a vivid literary conversation: one cannot guess what will come next.

The Cresset Press anthology makes no endeavour to be of practical use; the other offers aids to physical enjoyment of Christmas only fitfully. But this need not be made a grievance, for after all Christmas fare is well understood and variations on it, even if improvements in one way, are objectionable in another. Still, readers might have been warned against the naughtiness of not putting stout, or at least ale, though stout is very much better, into the pudding; and the recipe for punch derived from a Franco-American source might have been supplemented by one at least for a punch containing tea. There is something to be said also for the making of Bishop on Christmas eve or any other day of that week. It looks better as it burns with violet flames than it tastes, but the making of it, accompanied by critical trial every two minutes, is a seemly and seasonable and soothing occupation. Both books give us some carol music, of which I am quite incompetent to write, but it is difficult to believe that any music heard out of heaven itself could match the purely literary loveliness of:

He cam al so styлле
Where His moder was,
As dewe in Aprylle
That fallyt on the gras.

He cam al so styлле
To His moder's bowr,
As dewe in Aprylle
That fallyt on the flour.

In such things innocence has found its voice, and all efforts to heighten or amplify the utterance must be an offence. But there are those other poems of the Nativity in which the aim is decorative, whether by a carefully patterned inlaying of Latin into the vernacular or by the accumulation of coloured and brilliant accessories. What could be more charming? Yet as Raphael was greater than the Pre-raphaelites, so the supreme picture is Milton's:

And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Supreme, but in a kind of art destined to become exterior and, however nobly, conventional. The old innocence is recovered, and a new depth of spiritual beauty is added to it, in the most beautiful of all English verses on the subject, Herrick's:

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient earth to flowers.

The one word, "patient," is as rich a gift as those of the Magi.

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We are far, however, with such poetry from the familiarities of the early carols or Nativity plays, in which it is sometimes as if the rough hands of shepherds fondled the divine child. The easy relation of piety to fun, the naturalness with which the hands unclasp from prayer to take the bowl, the realism without self-consciousness of the medieval world have gone. The confidence of aristocrats and of bores is overlaid presently, more and more, by middle-class decorum. And at last poets can hardly treat the subject at all without first thinking themselves into medieval times and using properties in which they have no belief.

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MR. STRACHEY, it would seem, has reached the dangerous position of being almost immune from unfavourable criticism. Those critics who are not deluded by his fashionable reputation are disarmed by his manifest qualities: those who are incapable of assessing his qualities at their true value are dazzled by his fashionable reputation. We have in consequence a chorus of praise in which little or no attempt is made to discern what he has actually done in this book, how it differs from what he has done in the past, and whether it is better or worse.

For my part, I cannot help recalling a young foreigner, well read in our literature, to whom I lent the 'Queen Victoria' and who, on returning it, exclaimed with innocent enthusiasm, "It is very good indeed! It is almost as good as Macaulay!" Now it would be silly to pretend that that is not, and would not be, even in an English mouth, very high praise. But in its naivety it showed me the value of an occasional foreign judgment as a corrective of one's native admirations. In an English mouth it would have contained also a distinct tang of dispraise: it would have connoted less a high opinion of Macaulay than a desire to reduce the figure of Mr. Strachey, by comparison, to somewhat smaller proportions. But the foreigner's view, quite innocent, without a taste of critical malice in it, was enough to make me stop and think. And the conclusion to which my meditations led me was that Mr. Strachey is indeed very like Macaulay—and almost as good.

There are, of course, important superficial differences, and one difference that goes deeper than the surface. Macaulay has one set of tricks, Mr. Strachey another: both legitimate and, as a rule, legitimately used, if one conceded the legitimacy of the purpose. But that purpose is to bring the reader into a state of mind in which it seems to him that what he is being told *must* be true, that there can be no other aspect of the matter worthy of his attention. Macaulay's tricks are rhetorical, impressive: one would hardly dare to disagree with a man who is evidently speaking from the top of Sinai or near it. Mr. Strachey's are those of irony, sophistication. One hears in his pages a faint accent as of a voice saying to a younger, much flattered listener, "You and I are men of the world..."—and disagreement becomes almost as impossible with him as with Macaulay.

The important difference between them is that they apply their powers of persuasion to different ends. Macaulay is concerned to enforce a particular system of political philosophy. Mr. Strachey is not. He cares not whether Whigs or Tories have the better of it, he cares for nothing but the evaluation of character. And this perhaps makes him the more dangerous of the two, since it would seem to guarantee him as free from bias. He is, in fact, as biased as ever any historian was. He is biased in favour of that reading of character which has struck

him as leading to the most dramatically effective results, and he is as liable as Macaulay, no more and no less, to manipulate truth in the service of his inclination. How he does so can be seen in his description of Lord Cromer: "He looked forward to a pleasant retirement—a country place—some literary recreations. *He had been careful to keep up his classics.*" The italicized phrase beautifully suits Mr. Strachey's conception of Sir Evelyn Baring and the part he played in Gordon's tragedy, but it is not the truth about a man who painfully learnt Greek and Latin in later life for the joy of what he might read in them.

The present book is Mr. Strachey's third appearance in the character of historian and it presents some interesting points of contrast with the 'Queen Victoria.' It is an analysis, or picture, of but one episode in Elizabeth's reign and in form more closely resembles 'The End of General Gordon' than anything else which its author has written. A more significant fact is that it is entirely without foot-notes: Mr. Strachey supplies a bibliography, which may be adequate but is not very impressive, and that is all the help he gives to any reader who may desire to know on what authority any given statement is based. Even when he quotes from contemporary documents he does not often specify his sources. It would surely have been worth while to do so in a number of instances. Thus he quotes "a contemporary gossip" as saying, in the early days of Elizabeth's fancy for the young earl, that "My Lord cometh not to his own lodging till birds sing in the morning." It adds a little piquancy to know that these words were written by Essex's Cambridge friend, Bagot.

Now there may be something to be said for ridding history of the bottom-hamper of foot-notes, which, as Mr. Belloc has remarked, are too often used for purposes of deception or intimidation. But that was not Mr. Strachey's method in his last book: it was substantiated page by page, statement by statement. Why has he now thrown overboard the whole apparatus of references? The answer is, perhaps, that he is here no longer entirely an historian or even a strict interpreter of historical fact: he has taken a long step forward into the province of the romancer. It may be held that, once he had chosen his subject, he had no alternative. He could not have been expected to spend years in research among archives in Madrid or the Vatican in the hope of finding some hint hitherto overlooked: that would have been a waste of his peculiar talents. But, as he himself points out, the Elizabethans present enormous difficulties to the interpreter of character:

The age—it was that of Marlowe and Spenser, of the early Shakespeare and the Francis Bacon of the Essays—needs no description: everybody knows its outward appearances and the literary expressions of its heart. More valuable than descriptions, but what perhaps is unattainable, would be some means by which the modern mind might reach to an imaginative comprehension of those beings of three centuries ago—might move with ease among their familiar essential feelings—might touch, or dream that it touches (for such dreams are the stuff of history) the very "pulse of the machine." But the path seems closed to us. By what art are we to worm our way into those strange spirits, those even stranger bodies? The more clearly we perceive it, the more remote that singular universe becomes. With very few exceptions—possibly with the single exception of Shakespeare—the creatures in it meet us without intimacy: they are exterior visions, which we know, but do not understand.

The path is not in truth quite closed. We can still win a few painful steps along it by the acquisition of new facts or by long poring over old ones. We understand, for example, better than we did why the heroic Raleigh was regarded with dislike, almost with contempt, by so many of his contemporaries. But all the rest that is needed to give us an "imaginative comprehension" of these strangers must be supplied by—imagination, by imagination in the sense in which

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ROUTLEDGE

KEGAN PAUL

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we use the word when we are speaking of writers of fiction. Mr. Strachey does avail himself of some of the privileges of the novelist. He quite surprisingly, on the other hand, fails to avail himself of opportunities perfectly open to the historian. In the 'Queen Victoria' he made an admirable, an essential, point by his minute description of Balmoral and the Queen's life there. Here he abstains from giving his characters any concrete background, although a paragraph or two, in his vivid and concentrated manner, about Elizabeth's Nonesuch or Essex's house at Wanstead would have materially assisted the stage-setting for the drama. His effort towards "imaginative comprehension" consists, in the long run, of a series of brilliant speculations upon character and motive.

But, brilliant as they often are, these speculations are not always convincing and sometimes noticeably fail in boldness. Mr. Strachey canvasses in an airy and perfunctory way the various theories that have been advanced to explain the relations between Elizabeth and her "lovers" and seems to fall back, though rather half-heartedly, on the easy psycho-analytic explanation of "a deeply-seated repugnance . . . the result of the profound psychological disturbances of her childhood." The out-and-out novelist, taking seriously, for the purposes of his fiction, one out of innumerable rumours, might have given us something convincing on the plane of possibility—compare Herr Bruno Frank and his Frederick the Great in 'The Days of the King.' Mr. Strachey, of course, is not avowedly a novelist. But, unless he is not one in fact, what are we to make of his account of Elizabeth's decision not to interfere with the sentence pronounced upon Essex?

There may have been a tragic crisis in the Queen's mind during the week which elapsed between the beginning of Essex's trial and his execution: we have no reason to assume that there was. It is, at least, as reasonable to suppose that, strong as was her affection for Essex, her love for her position on the throne was stronger, that his sudden return from Ireland gave her cause for alarm lest he should carry out a palace revolution to make her a puppet, that she calculated that, given rope enough, he would hang himself, and that, when he proceeded to carry out her policy with more exactitude than usual, she let him do so.

The book must be judged, in the end, by the vividness and plausibility with which the chief persons are presented. Robert Cecil is Mr. Strachey's greatest success: in this portrait we can see the qualities, the brilliant speculations upon character and motive which disarm so many critics:

Robert Cecil was indeed merely passive, merely following, with the sadness which his experience of the world had brought him, the action of the Queen. But passivity, too, may be a kind of action—may, in fact, at moments prove more full of consequence than action itself. Only a still, disillusioned man could understand this; it was hidden from the hasty children of vigour and hope.

Here we have that something which in Mr. Strachey underlies all the tricks of irony and sophistication, which, however much he may depend upon those tricks, gives him a touch of greatness. Mr. Strachey's most serious failure is with Essex, who never becomes a real person at all but remains, for all the arts of his historian, an "exterior vision." Perhaps, without an effort of the novelist's imagination so violent as to render the result uninteresting, he could not have been made otherwise. But Mr. Strachey's mistake consists in this, that, though he calls his book "a tragic history," he does not make up his mind whose tragedy he is writing. He almost succeeds in giving us a credible and moving Elizabeth but, whenever he is on the point of doing so, he allows his Essex to stalk across the stage like an inexplicably animated clothes-horse and so to kill the interest of the drama. It is an error of artistry and

a grave one: Essex could have been made a figure, even if only a mechanical figure, in Elizabeth's tragedy, he has not life enough for one of his own. His presentment here is a more unforgivable traitor to Mr. Strachey's Elizabeth than he ever was himself to the real Queen.

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THIS little book is a collection of eight essays upon people who vary from one another in time and character as much as Machiavelli and Professor Irving Babbitt, or Baudelaire and Bishop Lancelot Andrewes. Yet Mr. Eliot claims that his book is a unity because of the common "point of view" from which all the essays are written. That "point of view," he says, "may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics and Anglo-Catholic in religion." His claim is, I think, quite justified, yet the reader need be in no fear that Mr. Eliot has tortured his essays so as to make them fit into a particular thesis or achieve a spurious unity. The book is only 143 pages long, yet Mr. Eliot packs so much more into 143 pages than most people can put into 700, that it is quite impossible to deal with all the suggestive haeres which he starts. We must confine ourselves, for the most part, to his political philosophy.

The second essay in this book is on John Bramhall. Abandoning that pretence of omniscience which it is the normal duty of a reviewer to assume, I may as well confess that until I picked up this book I had never heard of Bramhall and that, when I read Mr. Eliot's first sentence, "John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry under Charles I and Primate of Ireland under Charles II, is not at all an easy subject for a biography," I thought that I was in for a stiff time. Visions of the enormous backs of volumes of unending sermons rose up before me. Yet soon I learnt that the most important thing which John Bramhall ever did was to disagree with Hobbes—which was greatly to his credit. Here he was to be little more than Mr. Eliot's John Doe or Richard Roe, and the greater part of the essay is taken up with some of the most excellent sense about Hobbes that I have ever read. Certainly the first business of any honourable royalist, whatever exactly Mr. Eliot may mean by royalist, is to show that his faith has some nobler basis than that which is given to it in that coward's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, the 'Leviathan.' This task Mr. Eliot very brilliantly performs. To Hobbes the supreme evils were death and physical pain. You must obey the sovereign because, if you do not, "it returns to the sword." But to all the brave rebels of history, the Dantons, the Percies and the Garibaldis, who would have answered, "Very well, to the sword let it return. Death is better than this tyranny," Hobbes has nothing at all to say. He concedes to his opponents all nobleness, and, conceding to them all nobleness, he concedes to them also all reason. Mr. Eliot rightly sees that a royalism which allows it to be thought that Hobbes is its prophet is a royalism that will neither have nor deserve to have any future.

Mr. Eliot chastises Hobbes in some phrases of perfect scorn. He is "one of those extraordinary little upstarts whom the chaotic motions of the Renaissance tossed into an eminence which they hardly deserved." He is "the most eminent example of his age of a particularly lazy type of thinker." "He appears to be intellectual but is really emotional." Mr. Eliot makes refreshingly short work of a common cant which would have it that a man is

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CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

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IT is an agreeable surprise to come upon an anthology which has been compiled apparently without any motive beyond that of giving pleasure. In this "Fanciful Anthology," Mr. Hope-Nicholson has allowed his fancy to roam at will. He has had no principle to follow, no tendency to illustrate, no object lesson to convey, but has been influenced solely by the desire to discover to other people what has given himself enjoyment. 'The Minde's Delight' consists of short extracts in prose and verse ranging from early Middle Ages to the present day. The inspiration of the book is to be found in one of the quotations which the author uses to form his preface. In this anthology are set down

Stories of dyverse things
Of Princes, prelatys, and kyngs
Mony songs of dyverse ryme
As Englysshe Frensshe and Latyne;
To read and here mony are prest
Of thinges that hem liketh best.

When to this we add that the "stories" are all historical extracts from contemporary writings, and

the "songs" the less well-known efforts of English, French, and Latin poets, we have the key to the author's purpose. He has arranged his extracts in order of centuries, but seems to have had little principle in his selection beyond that of setting down what in the course of extensive and varied reading has appeared to him curious, quaint, whimsical, and worthy to be rescued from oblivion. Thus in the early medieval section of the book we have Bartholomeus Anglicus in praise of "The Worthiness of Wine," rubbing elbows with a piece of "Pontifical and Royal Correspondence"; in the modern section we have a love poem of Albert Samain next to an extract from *The Times*. We have odes by sixteenth-century bishops, travel diaries of young ladies, intimate anecdotes upon Queen Elizabeth, "Merrie Jestes," Monstrous Portents, epitaphs, "Legendes," quotations from modern authors, jostling each other in strange confusion.

The author has made lengthy quotations from the diaries and collections of Thomas Hearne and Anthony Wood, two seventeenth-century antiquaries, whose method was to bring out amusing contrasts by setting down differing contemporary opinion upon the same subject. Thus we read, in the more serious extracts, collected opinions upon the execution of Charles I, accounts of the destruction of images and stained-glass windows, tales about the private life and character of Queen Elizabeth and so on, all of which throw interesting sidelights upon the period. Among the lighter extracts (to pick one or two out of a multitude) are to be found "A litel boke of doctrine for Yonge Gentilmen," dated thirteenth century, also found in Hearness collections; this is a long list of correct terms for companies of various species, including not only the animal species, such as "A falle of wodekokys" or "An exalting of lerkys," but the human species as well "A Tabernacle of Bakers," "A discretenes of Prystes."

'Through England on a Side Saddle in 1695' is a delightfully naive account by a young lady of fashion of her visits to places of interest in the country. At Wilton House she describes an arrangement of water pipes in one of the rooms that make sweet noises "which engages ye curiosity of ye strangers to go in and see, but at ye entrance of each room is a line of pipes that appear not till by a sluice moved—it washes ye spectators designed for diversion." Occasionally the author has inserted among the old chroniclers passages by modern writers describing old things, such as Mr. Norman Douglas's 'Old Calabria,' and it is interesting to notice the difference between the conscious and unconscious humour of the old and the modern, between the old writer who states a plain fact, and the modern who tacks on an explanation.

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openly admitting her access to the withheld. Here is no satyr possessing and diverting a man's spirit. At least not avowedly. Yet what are we to make in human terms of the 'Journey in Yunnan' that ends thus: "There was no sound in it for all our calling, but the little distant thin sound of errant beggars' music in the street outside, the sound that always spangles the air of a Chinese city at twilight"? A Chinese city indeed! A Chinese city that was never on land or sea, but may have been dimly guessed in a Tang picture. Or again, how are we to habituate ourselves to the death of Bingley, the puppy, in 'Empty Cups'? "But in the afternoon the little dog's voice came back for a moment—his low, humble voice that uttered nothing, and was expressive only of his complete unimportance. To the senseless sound of his voice, and of the jiggling song in my head—he died." The jiggling song—which ran:

Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighin'
Jus' received de message dat po' Casey wuz dyin'
Toirned to her children an' said Quit yer crying,
Cos you've got another Poppa on de Salt Lake Line.

How unlike, you will admit, the home-life of Queen Victoria. And finally the incident when the Englishwoman had dropped a cigarette into a Korean fellow-passenger's cotton-wadded sleeve. "Excuse me," she said in English, "my cigarette has gone up your sleeve." The Korean and his attached baby turned a blank benevolent double gaze upon her. A chorus arose from the other passengers in Japanese, Chinese and Russian. Nobody knew quite what had happened, but everybody felt convinced that the Korean had done something wrong. Everyone had known all along that the Koreans would do something wrong. . . . Still the Englishwoman persisted and actually shook the Korean's arm in her excitement:

All the Koreans watched her for a moment, probably thinking, "She has a flea. What of it?" Then they sighed, and began talking in low voices one to another about something else, as well-bred people talk to discourage the offensive advances of a vulgar stranger. There was nothing to be done. The Koreans emerged at a wayside station. The Englishwoman watched the Korean, but out of the back of his neck she could distinctly see a thin thread of smoke rising. The baby's nose, immediately above the crater of this unsuspected volcano, was wrinkled in surprise. The Korean himself put his little hat straight on its steeple with a dignified hand and turned away, leaving a thin curly wire of smoke behind in the cold air.

And we are all such Koreans beside Miss Benson, and she has dropped such a lighted cigarette up all our sleeves. But we do not realize, and we must not if we are not to dislimn, that we are on fire.

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WHEN in 1891 Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West married Prince Henry of Pless, eldest son of the reigning Prince and presently to succeed him, she was little more than a schoolgirl. A charming, impulsive, Irish tomboy, accustomed to a free and easy open-air life, whose proud boast it was that she could climb trees as well as her brother, it seemed a dangerous experiment—to put it mildly—to transfer her suddenly to the stifling atmosphere of a stiff little German Court, with its inexorable rules of etiquette, its six-hundred rooms, its acres of rigid park-land, its innumerable attendants and ladies-in-waiting, its powdered footmen standing day and night outside her door. It would be absurd to pretend that her first impressions were altogether favourable, or that she herself was always regarded with approval. Yet she quickly won a personal success which, as her editor, Major Chapman-Huston, rightly says, "has

become almost legendary." Her popularity extended to every class of society, and her friendship with the ex-Kaiser, who was really fond of her, was always used, tactfully and intelligently, in the interests of European peace. That alone is a considerable achievement, and would amply justify the publication of her memoirs, even if they possessed no other merit.

But these memoirs are exceptional in many ways. Before deciding upon publication, the Princess consulted Major Chapman-Huston, who very wisely advised her to be "perfectly frank about herself and others." No other method, in fact, was possible to one of her temperament. Yet in spite of her almost startling frankness, she manages to be entertaining without indulging in any of those crude "indiscretions" of which we have had rather too much in recent years. She avoids them because they do not interest her. But on matters of more general interest, on international politics, and on the many distinguished people, both German and British, who have been her friends, she hits out right and left with an engaging candour, which is none the less "spicy" for being nearly always good-natured. On one occasion the editor, in a discreet footnote, finds himself in the position of defending her own husband, the Prince, against one of her sallies! "This," he exclaims, "is hardly fair. . . ." In fact, a most amusing book—and something more than that. The Princess's study of the ex-Kaiser's character, for instance, is penetrating as well as sympathetic. She believes that she attracted him because she always stood up to him and spoke her mind freely. It may be noted here that most of his friends seem to have been under a similar impression, if post-war memoirs are a guide; yet we cannot help doubting whether the Kaiser really valued the quality of frankness for its own sake or welcomed it in people of less personal charm and social standing than the Princess possessed.

The most interesting part of the book is that which deals with the period of the war. The Princess's position, as an Englishwoman in Germany, was one of extraordinary difficulty. She was subjected to endless annoyances and indignities—though certainly not more than a German wife, similarly placed, would have suffered in England. They refused to let her work in the Berlin hospitals; in one such place they tried deliberately to drive her out by giving her all the most ghastly and unpleasant cases. When she retired to the country, they would delay her letters for censorship at the local post-office. Yet it is a remarkable fact that her family continued to write to her in English, and her husband and eldest son sent her letters from the front in France, broadly hinting at military events, both past and future, in a manner which would have caused very serious trouble in this country. What with these petty annoyances, and the daily and hourly anxiety about her husband, and her son who was fighting against her own country-

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men, these war years were bitter ones indeed. But the Princess of Pless writes of them so bravely and breezily that we hardly notice the personal tragedy. Her remarkable courage carried her through, and Major Chapman-Huston tells us that she now lives chiefly in Munich, working, as before, in the cause of international peace and Anglo-German friendship.

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IT is difficult to realize, so rapidly has his reputation grown, that Mr. Daglish turned to wood-engraving at a comparatively mature age, and that it is just three years since the first of his woodcuts appeared in book form. The quantity of his work is as impressive as the quality of it, for he has revived those finer properties of the woodcut which Bewick developed and later artists have allowed to fall into neglect. But this love of meticulous detail is independent of any weakness, or lack of courage, in handling the bolder forms, and he shows here, if he needed to show it, that he can beat the cruder school at their own game, for some of his beasts attain almost the simplicity of a silhouette. One or two, in fact, overstep the mark and have a two-dimensional appearance, but in most (notably in the lion and the very Lamarckian giraffe) he achieves something between a success and a triumph.

Although he has illustrated several books, some of which have appeared in limited editions at exceedingly special prices, it is doubtful if his many-sided abilities have ever showed to better advantage. Such a portrait as the kingfisher is as effective as anything he has done, while the ungainly hawfinch, although his ungainliness is not quite the same as the ungainliness of the real bird, makes a nearer approach to it than all but a very few attempts to represent this curiously elusive sitter. The text is admirably simple and accurate (although we notice the old error that the rook's bald face is caused by abrasion of the feathers through digging in the ground) and Mr. Daglish deserves special credit for striking the right note without slipping into the easy vice of "writing down" to his audience. Unlike the majority of writers of children's nature books he resists the temptation to abuse his superior position, and one must be pretty widely read in such literature in order to be adequately grateful for his restraint. We may quote, opening at random, the account of the penguin:

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He bought a few choice pictures which he had seen at various exhibitions to mix with his own, and set a cut-glass bowl in the ceiling where formerly the common-place chandelier had been. There were books enough, accumulated during a period of years, to fill the attractive white book-case with its lead-paned doors. Attractive sets of bedroom furniture in bird's-eye maple and white enamel were secured, and the whole apartment given a very cosy and tasteful appearance. A piano was purchased outright and breakfast sets of Haviland china. There were many other dainty accessories, such as rugs, curtains, portières and so forth, the hanging of which Angela supervised. Here they settled down to a comparatively new and attractive life.

But the three attractives, whether applied to book-cases, bedroom furniture or to life, do not together make one attractive: indeed, they repel. Dreiser's picture of America is repellent, perhaps deliberately so. It is like the pictures painted by Eugene Witla, the "genius"; their subjects are generally gloomy, rain beating upon the upturned faces of the poor, or steam-tugs manœuvring in the sodden dusk. "Thank God for a realist!" comments M. Charles, the connoisseur, on first beholding them; but a course of Dreiser's novels makes one wonder. Can a realist be humorous? Perhaps not; there is seldom anything funny in facing a fact. To enjoy a joke one must be momentarily free from the anxieties of life; and Dreiser's characters rarely have that freedom. They are always striving, always "making good," though what they make good it would be hard to say. They have little preoccupation with their own spiritual welfare; they tend to identify it blindly with material success. Eugene is supposed to be impractical and artistic: "he seemed somewhat like a lighted lamp casting a soft, shaded, velvety glow." But soon his thoughts begin to assume another complexion. "Think of it, \$250,000—a quarter of a million—and that subject to a natural increase which might readily carry him into the millionaire class!" Eugene, having made his name as a painter, fell into despondency. "Artists were never tremendously rich, he learned." To cure his neurasthenia he became a manual labourer (an unconvincing incident, this), and then, discarding art, he began to make money, hand over fist, as advertising expert in various publishing houses.

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BESIDES the hardy Annuals and the school stories that flower abundantly at this season there is always a number of children's books of a less conventional kind. Among these pride of place must be given this year to the new Winnie-the-Pooh book by Mr. A. A. Milne. Mr. Milne's innumerable admirers will learn with dismay that this is the end of the Pooh Saga. The standard has in no way declined. We are familiar now with the mechanics of the formula on which these stories are constructed, but the extraordinary thing is that they lose none of their enchantment on that account. Experience has proved that all children love Christopher Robin and his friends, and there are thousands of parents who love them too. It is unnecessary to recommend to them the last and in some ways the best collection of these adventures, *The House at Pooh Corner* (Methuen: 7s. 6d.).

There is an echo of Mr. Milne in some of the rhymes in *All About Me* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), by Mr. John Drinkwater, with illustrations by Mr. H. M. Brock. It would be idle to pretend that these rhymes or the illustrations have the charm of the Milne-Shepard combination, nor do the verses uniformly avoid sophistication and an intricacy of thought that make them a little difficult for the average child. Seven-and-sixpence seems plenty of money for this book.

The illustrations to *Looking Out of Johnny*, by Mr. H. H. Flanders (Dent: 5s.), are by Willy Pogány and they are delightful. Unfortunately the verses do not reach an equal level. This book is suitable for children from three to six. Messrs. Dent also publish *The Little Blue Man*, which is a translation from the popular Italian writer of children's tales, Giuseppe Fanciacelli. This is the story of a puppet-show character, told with much humour and invention, a book to be recommended. It is pleasantly illustrated and is noticeably cheap at the price of 3s. 6d. A third book from the same publishers is *The Magic Pawnshop* by Rachel Field, which is described as "a New Year's Eve Fantasy" and is a consecutive story, for a slightly older audience. It is illustrated with small drawings in colour by Elizabeth MacKinstry.

The four plays for children contained in *Nix Nought Nothing*, by Naomi Mitchison (Cape: 5s.), are extraordinarily well done, though maybe it would need an unusually intelligent and "literary-inclined" child to get the maximum of enjoyment out of them. They are written in the good old fairy-tale tradition, partly in prose and partly in verse, and being equipped with stage directions can be acted, as the publisher claims, "by any children who can speak verse."

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Mr. George Morrow will raise many laughs with his *Some More* (Methuen: 10s. 6d.). It is a pity that the laugh depends so much more on the caption than on the picture. "Fougasse," in *E. and O. E.* (Methuen: 10s. 6d.), gets his joke "across" more easily and quicker; he is, at his best, irresistibly funny, and there is much of his best in this volume. In *Mr. Punch's County Songs* (by E. V. Lucas and Ernest H. Shepard. Methuen: 10s. 6d.) the song's the thing, with Mr. Shepherd's illustrations as a delightful accompaniment.

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but in other respects the Annual maintains its high place. Though there are fewer serials there is an abundance of healthy fiction, well mixed with entertaining and informative articles that cover a wide range of interest. 'The Girls' Own Annual,' so ably edited by Miss Flora Klickmann, makes an older appeal than its companion volume. But although the 'G.O.P.' has become a woman's magazine there is much in its columns in which a girl can delight.

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The Wonder Book of the Navy. Ward Lock. 6s.—A Foreword by Lord Jellicoe appropriately opens this new edition of an old favourite. The 'Wonder Book' has been revised and supplemented with the latest matter affecting the Navy, and embellished with hundreds of photographs and pictures (many in colour), it forms an outstanding volume among this season's output. Boys—and not a few fathers—will devour it with avidity.

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The Luck of Dolorous Tower; The Fourth—and Fenella. Warne. 5s. and 3s. 6d.—Treasure-trove stories are nothing new in the world of fiction, but there is always welcome for one that handles the theme in a novel manner. Miss E. M. Ward plunges her heroine, Meg Vipont, into the Westmorland fell country, where stands the Dolorous Tower, the home of her forbears. There are many difficulties to be overcome and many wild doings before the 'Luck' is found. But a very tangled skein of mystery is unravelled ingeniously, and we say goodbye to Meg with reluctance, for she and the Westmorland folk have been good company. Equally good as a story for girls is Miss Mary Gervaise's 'The Fourth—and Fenella.' Add to the pranks of a madcap schoolgirl the interest afforded by a Russian girl, a refugee whose family jewels have been stolen, and a mystery affecting an artist and some missing canvases, and you have the ingredients for an exciting tale. Miss Gervaise, who is a newcomer in this field, draws and handles her characters skilfully, and writes dialogue with a light touch.

The Flying Squad. By Col. W. A. Bishop and Major R. Stuart-Wortley. Harrap. 6s.—A book about flying men that bears the name of Col. Bishop must command attention. In this story of adventure on land and in the air we are treated to some rare thrills. The two youthful heroes learn to fly at Toronto and all too quickly become involved in the tracking of a desperate gang of bank thieves. There is the swift movement and vividness of a film picture in this book; it should be much sought after.

The Great Airship. By Lt.-Col. F. S. Brereton. Blackie. 3s. 6d.—Taking the air for his inspiration Col. Brereton sends young Joe Cresson voyaging with a wonderful airship of his own designing. In the background are a wealthy uncle (who foots the bill) and a South African (with a past) who has wagered a large sum that the experiment—aimed to surpass the achievements of Count Zeppelin—will be futile. Villainy comes near to effecting disaster, but the wonder-ship completes her trip with success. What is no less satisfactory to the reader is that Col. Brereton goes a long way towards convincing him that what is apparently fiction is not very far from fact. Boys with a bent for aviation will find their minds strongly stimulated by this stirring story.

The Very Thing. By Frida Wolfe. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.—Mrs. Wolfe calls her book a collection of "read-out-able rhymes," and we are ready to admit that the verses answer the test. They go with a good swing and will take the fancy of the young for whom they are intended. The author is particularly happy in her fanciful moods. A good word must be said for the charming woodcuts by Miss Elizabeth Rivers that adorn the pages.

The Dutch Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Cape. 5s.—Very cleverly the author, who is widely known in the U.S.A. and Canada, uses her story-telling gift to give her readers pictures of the everyday life of children in various countries. In the volume before us she takes them into Holland. From chapter to chapter they thus accompany the twins, Kit and Kat, throughout their daily doings and learn all that there is to know. It is a pleasant method of combining instruction with entertainment.

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Stand Fast Wymondham. By A. L. Haydon. Warne. 3s. 6d.—Wymondham is a public school with a high and valued reputation, but some of the prefects are thorough rotters. Lance Loring, just arrived from Australia, takes his place as a prefect and very soon determines to raise the tone of his house. He succeeds, and the delinquents receive rather more than their due of punishment. The plot is not new but Mr. Haydon has an excellent story-telling manner which would make it hard for any schoolboy to put this book away without reading the whole of it.

The Griffin. By E. M. Channon. Heinemann. 6s.—If this story turns upon the well-worn theme of lost treasure it is redeemed by its unusual setting. The treasure-seekers are transported from London to a romantic castle in the south country, and here by a magic spell they become acquainted with the Griffin, Enfield, Amphibena and other heraldic creatures. It is good fooling, much of it in the Lewis Carroll vein. After a course of books planned on more conventional lines it is refreshing to meet 'The Griffin' and his companions. Incidentally there is a good deal about heraldry to be learned from this quaint history.

The Secret of Sevenstones Key. By T. C. Bridges. Warne. 5s.—An island among the keys of the Florida Gulf, a legend of a Spanish treasure galleon, a band of cut-throat rum-runners, and plenty of brisk fighting and peril on land and sea—these are the principal items of interest that the author offers us in his lively story. The secret of the key, which romantically comes into the possession of the Linton family, is revealed in a dramatic manner.

At School with Rachel. By Angela Brazil. Blackie. 6s.—Experience has taught us that Miss Brazil has gauged her readers' tastes to the last ounce. She knows exactly what is expected of her. In this story of Rachel Robertson's schooling she deftly introduces the requisite amount of excitement and fun which are indispensable to a school story. Rachel is admirably drawn, a happy-go-lucky wilful girl who develops her individuality and learns to play for the team. That she surprises herself as well as others is no more than could be expected. Miss Angela Brazil has added another portrait to her gallery of school-girl types.

Sea Venturers. By "Taffrail." Collins. 5s.—Commander Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N., treads upon historic ground in this book, but he retells his stories of Hawkins, Froisher, Drake, Cook, Franklin and Scott with a lively pen. It is good for boys to have these records of heroism and pioneer adventure set before them. A notable feature of the book is the accurate drawings of the ships mentioned. Mr. Cecil King, who is responsible for the illustrations, has spared no pains to ensure correctness of detail as to rig and appearance.

The Book of Polar Exploration; The Book of Remarkable Machinery. Harrap. 7s. 6d.—The whole story of Arctic and Antarctic discovery is surveyed by Mrs. Elias in her attractive work. For the greater part, naturally, she covers familiar ground, and many readers will turn first, perhaps, to the account of the recent Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile expedition which reached the North Pole by air, and to Stefansson's remarkable journeys. But the whole well repays reading; in the connected story we are made to realize the romance and marvel of Polar conquest. As such a book should be, it is most fully illustrated. Mr. Ellison Hawks's volume, 'Remarkable Machinery,' embraces everything in this line, from the steam-engine, marine and motor engines to machine tools, printing presses and calculating machines. The boy—or man, for the matter of that—with a mechanical turn of mind will revel in these pages, in which so much that is obtrusive to the layman is made clear. It is a most exhaustive work on the subject.

The Riders. By Herbert Strang. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.—There are few figures in fiction more romantic than the smuggler, and Mr. Strang has happily chosen the stirring days of "the trade" for the setting of his latest story. The result is a rousing tale of adventure in which the young hero, with a French boy refugee, is whisked from Kent to France and back again. 'The Riders' is certain to go on many a shelf where a line of Strang books has already formed.

Mountaineering Ventures. By Claude E. Benson. Jack. 6s.—From Alpine peaks to far-distant Everest the author tells a graphic story of man's conquest of mountain heights. It is a record of superhuman pluck and endurance, and if the tale is one frequently starred by disaster that is because he is writing of the most venturesome feats and not of mountain-climbing along recognized routes. There are thrills enough in this volume to satisfy the most jaded of fiction-readers. Many well-produced photographs elucidate the text.

Untrue Stories. By A. F. Studdert. Milford: Oxford University Press. 5s.—The chief character in the opening stories of this volume is a Mr. Gulliver, the offspring of a Lilliputian and a Brobdingnagian. As may be expected, therefore, these 'Untrue Stories' are conceived on highly imaginative lines. They are distinctly amusing, let it be said, with a direct appeal to the younger child. Mr. E. M. 'Balls' pictures enter thoroughly into the fun of the author's fancies.



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RESERVE FUND - 10,000,000
DEPOSITS, &c. - 353,934,406
ADVANCES, &c. - 202,417,661

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Company Meeting

JOHN V. HUTTON, LIMITED

NEW ORDINARY SHARE ISSUE

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of John V. Hutton, Ltd., was held at Nottingham on Wednesday last to consider resolutions increasing the share capital of the company to £160,000.

Mr. John V. Hutton (Chairman of the company) said: I want to explain very shortly reasons why I agreed to buy a majority of the shares in Goodson's Mantle and Costume Co. (1920), Ltd., and why I and my co-directors considered that the acquisition of those shares will prove a sound investment for your company. Goodson's Mantle and Costume Co. (1920), Ltd., is a large public company with a capital of £430,000, of which £400,000 consists of 8 per cent. preference shares and £30,000 of 1s. ordinary shares. It owns the whole of the issued share capital of Goodson's, Ltd., an old-established concern carrying on a class of business similar to that carried on by your company.

I and my co-directors feel certain—judging both from the past record of profits of the Goodson companies and from the savings which we know can be effected in management—that the profits should, within a very short time, be brought back at least to the 1925 level; in that year you will see the net profit was £46,179, and a dividend on the ordinary shares was declared at the rate of 20½ per cent.

Both Goodson's and your company will derive practical benefits from the complete elimination of competition between the shops of the two concerns.

A further most important point is that after the purchase has been completed there will be under virtually the same control the largest number of shops in our own line of business in this country. The two companies between them will own over sixty branches, and by buying on the large scale, which this number of shops will justify, I can say quite definitely from my own knowledge of our trade that most important savings to both companies, particularly to Goodson's—the larger company—can be effected.

To summarise the whole position I and my co-directors have every confidence that the purchase of the majority of shares in Goodson's is going to be a tremendous advantage to the shareholders in John V. Hutton, Ltd., and we hope that before long the combination will be the largest and most prosperous concern of its kind in this country.

The resolutions were passed unanimously.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 351

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, December 13)

OF DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL, EACH A TOWN,
ONE NAMED FROM HIM WHOSE PARENTS CALLED HIM CROWN.

1. Hid in this tool you'll find a laureate bard.
2. Core of a substance, heavy, ay, and hard.
3. Resent it if you will, but keep two-thirds.
4. Is quickly cozened with beguiling words.
5. Curtail a bird whose tail is none too long.
6. A famous revolutionary song.
7. To thirsty caravans a welcome sight.
8. So perish those who falter in the fight!
9. Lop—head and tail—a fish whose roe tastes good.
10. He in his blindness bows to stone and wood.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 349

(Last of our 25th Quarter)

LADY AND GENTLEMAN: THESE TWO
IN 'PICKWICK PAPERS' DICKENS DREW.

1. Affright.—A household god is at its heart.
2. He bore the rods that made offenders smart,
3. And called them thus, those ensigns of his might.
4. They shoot the moon who this perform at night.
5. The customary prelude to a kiss.
6. Rule,—but the favourite you must dismiss.
7. A lion's whelp ascended from the prey.
8. Motive; the bond of union cut away.
9. From punishment we'll now release the maid.
10. Fie, Crusoe, fie! of me you were afraid.
11. "The human form divine?" Base imitation!
12. Can act his part right well in any station.

Solution of Acrostic No. 349

A	lar	M ¹	¹ Lar, a domestic tutelary deity
L	icto	R	of the ancient Romans.
F	asce	S	² What is called in Scotland
R	emova	L ²	"moonlight flitting," a removal of
E	mbrac	E	one's household goods during the
D		Ominion	night, to prevent their being
J	uda	H ³	seized for rent due, is known in
I	nd	Ucement	England as "shooting the moon."
peN	a	Nce	³ Judah is a lion's whelp;
G	oa	T	"From the prey, my son, thou
L	ay-figur	E	art gone up."
E	ngine-drive	R	Gen. xlix. 9. (R.V.)

ACROSTIC No. 349.—The winner is "Dhualt," Mr. Rowland Wood, 63 Marylebone Lane, W.1, who has selected as his prize 'Bohemian, Literary and Social Life in Paris,' by Sisley Huddleston, published by Harrap and reviewed in our columns on November 24. Twenty-one other competitors named this book, eighteen chose 'Richelieu,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, E. Barrett, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, M. de Burgh, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, R. P. Graham, G. H. Hammond, John Lennie, Mrs. Lole, Madge, N. O. Selman, F. C. Orpet, Ursula d'Ot, Peter, Sisypheus, Shorwell, St. Ives, Miss Daphne Touche, A. R. Wheeler.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., W. H. Carter, J. Chamber, Crayke, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Maud Crowther, Elizabeth, Glamis, H. C. M., Iago, Jop, Martha, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, Quis, Thora, Miss Alice Towilson, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Chess, Cyril E. Ford, Ganesh, Rev. E. P. Gatty, James Hall, Hanworth, Jeff, Lillian, Margaret, F. M. Petty, Rand, G. H. Rodolph, Stucco, Wulfrun.

ACROSTIC No. 348.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Crayke, Maud Crowther, Elizabeth, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, James Hall, W. P. James, Miss Kelly, Miss E. Lawrence, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, Miss F. M. Petty, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Rabbits, Thora. All others more.

G. W. MILLER.—You omitted to fill in Light 4: Sackbut. Of course Nuphar is only botanical Latin, not the genuine article; but if I indicate in a note that I want a Latin word, please understand that it may be either classical Latin, botanical Latin, theological Latin, medical Latin, law Latin, dog Latin, or any other known variety.

JOHN LENNIE.—Am sending you two more leaflets. The others seem to have miscarried; they were posted on November 15.

OUR TWENTY-FIFTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is "Armada," Mrs. G. Smith-Spark, 8 Hindes Road, Harrow, who is requested to choose a book, value not exceeding two guineas, from those reviewed by us during the past quarter. "Armada" scored 146 out of a possible 151. Peter was second with 145, John Lennie and Yendu tied for third place with 144. C. J. Warden scored 143, Dhualt, St. Ives, and Capt. W. R. Wolseley 142, Madge and Martha 141, Carlton and Clam 140.

Acrostic solvers abroad, unable to post solutions to reach our office by first post Thursday, may send them direct to A. J. Maat, Les Deux Soeurs, Le Lavandou (Var), France, to arrive not later than first post Saturday.



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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

LAST week I referred to the Prime Minister's speech at Glasgow, when he talked of the large number of men connected with the managements of joint-stock companies who are parasitical to industry. Mr. Henry S. Horne, the chairman of the British Cement Products and Finance Company, had a good deal to say on the same subject at that company's general meeting held this week. Mr. Horne thinks that the lack of progress in dealing with some of the problems involved in our industrial situation is due to the fact that we still continue in various directions to suffer from those in control not possessing the necessary ability to understand the new conditions of to-day; and in other directions to what Mr. Horne described as the "clammy clinging of slothful slugs." He explained that he referred to those who continue to cling to positions of authority, who in many cases should never have held these positions at all, and to others who have reached an age when they no longer possess the courageous energy and executive ability required for dealing with the industrial, financial and commercial problems of these times. The undoubted success that has been achieved by the British Cement Products and its allied companies is probably largely attributable not merely to Mr. Horne's appreciation of the needs of present-day conditions, but to the fact that he has surrounded himself with directors and technical experts who share his views on this subject. The measure of success that has been achieved by the British Cement Products Company can be realized by the fact that its shareholders receive substantial dividends, cash bonuses, and the rights to take up new shares on very advantageous terms. When this new issue is made the company's reserve will stand at £725,000 against a capital of £500,000, and this after only two years' existence—a result which should prove highly gratifying to shareholders.

JOSEPH MAY AND SONS

Although large numbers of new issues have been making their appearance weekly, only a small percentage of them are able to include in their prospectuses figures as to past earnings which justify the strongest recommendation of the shares offered as a permanent investment. A preliminary notice will be found in this REVIEW, dealing with an issue which comes in this category. It takes the form of an invitation to the public to subscribe for 152,000 $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each in Joseph May and Sons (Leeds) Limited. This company is acquiring the well-established clothing business carried on at Leeds by Joseph May and Sons; a business originally founded over fifty years ago, which has been continuously progressive. The prospectus will show that the amount required to pay the fixed $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ dividend on the £200,000 of preference shares is £15,000 per annum, which dividend is covered nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ times by the average profits for the last five years and over three times by the profits for the year ended June 30 last.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

The issue of £2,000,000 $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ Inscribed Stock made on behalf of the Government of Southern Rhodesia, to which I referred last week, was overlooked on account of the new Government conversion scheme, the prospectus of which was issued on the afternoon of the same day. This resulted in underwriters being called upon to take up about 68% of the issue. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that this Southern Rhodesian Loan is standing at a discount. The attention of investors is drawn to this fact; it appears to be an excellent opportunity for those who

favour this class of gilt-edged investment to acquire an interest. In due course, when the stock left with underwriters has been absorbed by permanent holders, the price of the Southern Rhodesian issue should follow in the steps of the somewhat similar Kenya and Straits Settlement Loans.

PHOTOMATON

The Photomaton Parent Corporation have issued a comprehensive and detailed statement to their shareholders, which will be found in this REVIEW. It indicates the amazing progress that has been made in the comparatively short time that the Corporation has been in existence, and it reflects management of an extremely thorough and energetic nature. The assets of the Corporation, including shares in various companies and corporations formed all over the world to acquire Photomaton rights, are valued at somewhere about 15s. per share. The fact must not be overlooked, however, that there are various other assets which have not yet been disposed of or else which are to be retained and will be revenue earning for the Corporation. The Photomaton Company supply sensitised paper and chemicals to the users of their machines. The profit from this business is estimated at £100 a machine, so taking a minimum, which is believed to be conservative, of 3,000 machines the income from this source alone will be £300,000 per annum. In addition, there will be still 200 to 300 machines operating directly for the Corporation's account by March of next year and the net annual profit per machine is valued by the Company at £1,000. Further, the Corporation has acquired the right to a share interest in a new company, the Multipose, which will exploit what amounts to a portable Photomaton machine. Here also the Photomaton Corporation retain the right to supply the sensitised paper, and although no estimate can be made of the number of Multipose machines that will be sold, indications point to a large total. Lastly, it is understood that the Corporation retains the rights for Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and Portugal. In due course, it is anticipated that the rights of these companies will be sold at figures which will add materially to the Corporation's assets. It will be seen from these facts that, provided the directors' valuation of their assets has not been too optimistic, the shares appear attractive at the present level.

With reference to competitive machines, the directors state that they have caused the fullest investigation and examination to be made from all angles into the claims of competitive machines, and as a result have dismissed any fear of lasting or even temporary competition of any consequence from any of them. Marked attention is drawn to this portion of the statement, as it endorses the opinion already expressed in these notes as to the risk involved in acquiring a share interest in any of the competitive companies.

MAIDSTONE MOTOR SERVICES

Dealings have started in the $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ Cumulative Preference shares of the Maidstone and District Motor Services Limited. These shares are £1 shares 10s. paid, the remaining 10s. being payable on February 5 next. This company, in which Tilling and British Automobile Traction Limited hold a large interest, owns over 300 omnibuses and other motor vehicles and operates fifty-one regular omnibus services, covering a large part of Kent and East Sussex. There are 200,000 of these Preference shares in existence, and last year's earnings covered the amount that will be required for their dividend no less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ times. The shares at the present price appear a first-class industrial investment. There are also 300,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each which for the last four years have received dividends of 15% per annum. In their class they also appear worthy of attention.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.**JOSEPH MAY & SONS (LEEDS)**

LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917.)

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will open on MONDAY next for

AN ISSUE AT PAR

OF

**152,000 7½ per cent. CUMULATIVE PARTICIPATING
PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 EACH.**DIRECTORS:**JAMES WHITEHEAD MAY** (Chairman), Crimble Brow, Panal, Harrogate, Clothing Manufacturer.**SAMUEL McLEAN MAY** (Joint Managing Director), Athillcourt, Adel, Leeds, Clothing Manufacturer.**ALFRED EDWARD JONES** (Joint Managing Director), Claybanks, Guiseley, Yorks, Clothing Manufacturer.**JOSEPH MORRIS MAY**, Spring Grove, Roundhay, Leeds, Clothing Manufacturer.**GORDON McLEAN MAY**, Athillcourt, Adel, Leeds, Clothing Manufacturer.**LLEWELLYN JONES**, Maes-yr-Haf, Cefn-y-Coed, Roath Lake, Cardiff, Wholesale Clothier.*The Prospectus will show that:*

- (1) The Company is acquiring the well-established wholesale clothing business of Joseph May & Sons, Limited, which was founded over 50 years ago and is principally known as the manufacturers of the well-known brand of "Maenson Clothes." The Company has an important business both in the United Kingdom and Abroad.
- (2) The books and accounts have been examined by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., and Messrs. Lee and Whitfield, whose certificate is published in the prospectus and shows that profits, after charging all working expenses (including Depreciation and Directors' Fees) and after providing for the fixed remuneration (but not Commission) payable to the Managing Directors under new agreements proposed to be entered into with them by Joseph May & Sons (Leeds) Limited, but before charging Income Tax, Interest on Bank and other loans (to be repaid out of the proceeds of the proposed issue of shares) were as follows:—

Year ended 30th June, 1924	£27,960
" " " 1925	£36,127
" " " 1926	£30,435
" " " 1927	£42,291
" " " 1928	£45,096

- (3) Net Assets (exclusive of Goodwill) as also shown in the above mentioned certificate, amount to £244,088, to which must be added the additional capital to be provided by the present issue and accrued profits since June last amounting to approximately £120,000, making a total of £364,088.
- (4) All the Directors are actively engaged in the business and the Joint Managing Directors have agreed to act for a period of five years.

*Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from:***THE BANKERS:****LLOYDS BANK LIMITED**, City Office (20, King William Street, London, E.C.4), Leeds, and Branches**THE BROKERS:****JOHN PRUST & CO.**, Basildon House, Moorgate, London, E.C.2.**TENNANT & HIRST**, 71 Albion Street, Leeds.

and from

THE REGISTERED OFFICE OF THE COMPANY:

5, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.2.

STEEL CEILINGS

Earlier this year the public were invited to subscribe for 2s. shares in Steel Ceilings Limited, a company formed to acquire as a going concern and to develop the business carried on by the Steeleonite Metal Stamping Company, which specializes in the manufacture and sale of ornamental ceilings and steel tiles, etc. The year's profits prior to the formation of the company and published in the prospectus were of a satisfactory nature. The business is believed to be expanding very rapidly and there is little doubt that the prospectus estimates will be heavily exceeded. In these circumstances, these 2s. shares appear to possess possibilities.

FORD MOTORS

An issue of outstanding interest is expected in the near future in connexion with the Ford Motor Company, Limited, which company will have a capital of £7,000,000 in Ordinary shares. This company has been formed to take over the manufacture, assembling and distribution of certain of the Ford models for most of Europe and parts of Asia and Africa. The company will be a British one and its plants embrace a European sale of 150,000 Ford passenger and commercial cars and Fordson tractors during the year 1929.

TRIPLEX

The demand for Splinterless Glass is believed still to be very much greater than the supply. It is very unlikely that all companies recently created to manufacture this very essential product will justify the optimism of those who have framed their prospectuses. Despite the possible competition that may arise from the successful companies, the shares of Triplex Safety Glass Company remain the soundest purchase in this market. These shares have been depressed in price since the recent distribution of a share bonus. It is understood, however, that those closely connected with the company have been quietly acquiring any cheap shares offered in the market, an example which those who desire an interest in this industry might find advantageous to follow.

THE LONDON TIN SYNDICATE

The London Tin Syndicate will hold its meeting to-day, when the chairman will probably have much of interest to say with reference to the tin position.

SANGERS

The business of Sangers, wholesale druggists, and sundriesmen, which was established about 1780, has been acquired by a new company which will be known as Sangers, Limited. In the near future the public are to be invited to subscribe for 250,000 7½% cumulative preference shares of £1 each and 125,000 ordinary shares of 5s. each at 2s. premium. The prospectus will show that the dividend on the preference shares is covered nearly four times on the basis of the average profit for the past five years, and that after paying the preference dividend, the balance will be sufficient to pay over 20% on the ordinary shares. Both classes of shares appear thoroughly sound investments.

PINCHIN JOHNSON

Shareholders in Pinchin Johnson and Company were reassured by their chairman, at the annual meeting held this week, as to the proposed bonus share issue. The Board consider it desirable to ascertain the effect in their balance sheet position of the recent acquisitions, but the chairman stated definitely that such shares as are to be issued as a bonus will constitute a free bonus, and will rank for dividend out of the profits of the company from January 1, 1929.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS AND FINANCE COMPANY

DEVELOPING ON CONSERVATIVE AND PROFITABLE LINES

A WEAKNESS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

The SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British Cement Products and Finance Co., Ltd., was held on December 4 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Mr. H. S. Horne, the Chairman, who presided and moved the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the total net profit for the year amounted to £250,904, and, having regard to the fact that the additional capital received from the issue of 100,000 shares at £3 per share was not available until May of this year, the directors considered that those results more than fulfilled the anticipations expressed in last year's report. (Hear, hear.) He would call special attention to the fact that by the allocations of profit proposed the Company's reserves now equalled the whole of the issued share capital, and that when, as proposed, the capital had been increased, they would have an issued capital of £500,000 and a reserve of £725,000. By the end of the next financial year it was anticipated that they would have a reserve of £1,000,000.

DIVIDENDS AND NEW ISSUES ON BONUS TERMS

The Board could have paid a higher rate of dividend, but it was their policy to avoid fluctuating rates, and for that reason the dividends would be kept on a conservative basis. However, from time to time shareholders would be given the right to take up additional shares on bonus terms, and, just as he had recommended a year ago shareholders to avail themselves of the opportunity then given to take up additional shares on bonus terms, so he would to-day repeat that recommendation in respect of the offer of unissued capital now being made. Concerning the large increase in the authorised capital that was proposed, there was no intention to issue that at present. Important developments were taking place rendering it of great advantage to the Company to have capital ready for issue in payment for certain businesses; to buy sound undertakings by an exchange of the Company's shares at their present market price enabled them to obtain very valuable holdings without involving a large increase in the issued capital.

"TERMINATION OF CEMENT WAR"

It would take too long to describe in detail the sound progress of the Companies and interests with which the undertaking was associated, but the Board were entirely satisfied with the position in every respect, and in particular he might refer to the termination with honour to all parties of what had been described as the "War" in the cement industry. He would like to take the opportunity of congratulating their Vice-Chairman, Mr. Oliver Piper, on the admirable manner in which he had represented the "Red Triangle" Cement interests in the negotiations. Everyone concerned was living up to the spirit of the agreement arrived at, and the Cement industry should therefore continue to prosper.

Cement, with other industries, suffered from periods of over-production. To deal with those phases it seemed to him there was one of four courses to be followed; a process of elimination by price warfare; an agreement to fix prices, which did not always lead to the most efficient basis; thirdly, merger and consolidation, of which their group had been strong supporters, and, finally, stabilisation of conditions through loyal co-operation which was now, more or less, the basis of the Cement industry's policy. Mass production was not the unfailing key to industrial prosperity, particularly in this country. It was essential while increasing and cheapening output to pay due regard to the existing and potential demands, and sometimes to apply a scientific control to production so as to preserve the balance with current consumption.

"CLAMMY CLINGING OF SLOTHFUL SLUGS"

The troubles which afflicted British industry, causing widespread unemployment, were in the main brought about by a process of economic and social change at present imperfectly understood in this country. Some chose to term the process of reconstruction "rationalisation," but however that might be, industrial Germany had by that means been rehabilitated in four years while this country, in many industries, continued to go back. He attributed the lack of progress in dealing with our industrial situation to what he might describe as the "clammy clinging of slothful slugs"—(laughter)—the clinging to positions of authority of many who should never have been there, and of others who had reached an age when they no longer possessed the necessary capacities. It was because this Co.'s Board, management, and technical experts appreciated present-day conditions to a great extent, that their efforts had met with such signal success. There was not a one-man show; the results were due to concentrated efforts and efficient team work. They had business in course of competition which led the Board to regard the current year with confidence, and to anticipate a further increase in profits. He thought he had said sufficient to show that the Board and management were developing and expanding the business on conservative and profitable lines.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and proposed increase of capital was approved.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.**SANGERS LIMITED***(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).*

THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS WILL OPEN IN DUE COURSE FOR

AN ISSUE OF**250,000 7½% Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each at Par**

AND

125,000 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each at 2/- Premium*The Prospectus will show that :*

- (1) The Company is acquiring, as from the 31st March last, the business of "Sangers," Wholesale Druggists and Sundries, Limited, which business was established about 1780 as that of Retail Druggists. The business has steadily expanded and now supplies over 4,000 chemists with Proprietary Articles, Sundries, Surgical and Photographic goods.
- (2) The Board is entirely composed of partners of Sangers who have become Directors of the Company under service agreements. Those members of the staff who have been closely associated with the management of the business for many years also are being retained.
- (3) Net Profits for the past five years, after charging all expenses including Management Remuneration and Directors' Fees at the rates now agreed to be paid, and Depreciation, have been as follows:—

Year to 31st March, 1924	£73,039
" " 1925	£71,170
" " 1926	£69,241
" " 1927	£70,312
" " 1928	£69,172
Average of the five years	£70,587

- (4) The Preference Shares are fully covered by tangible assets apart from the extremely valuable goodwill and include valuable freehold and leasehold properties. On the basis of average profits of £70,587 for the past five years, the dividend on the Preference Shares is covered nearly four times, leaving a balance sufficient to pay over 20 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.
- (5) The Directors anticipate a considerable profitable expansion of business.

*Prospectuses and Forms of Application will be obtainable from :***THE BANKERS :**

COUTTS & CO., 440 Strand, London, W.C.2, and Branches.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LTD., 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

THE BROKERS :

RITCHER & CO., Austin Friars House, London, E.C.2.

FYSHE & HORTON, 3 Temple Row West, Birmingham.

CRICHTON BROS. & TOWNLEY, 13 Castle Street, Liverpool,

and from

QUADRANT TRUST LIMITED, 55-56 Pall Mall,
London, S.W.1

Company Meeting

Statement by the Directors of

PHOTOMATON PARENT CORPORATION LIMITED

This Statement is published in the Press because over 90 per cent. of the Shares in the Corporation, being Bearer Shares, the names and addresses of the majority of the Shareholders are unknown to the Directors.

In their last Statement published to the Shareholders, the Directors of Photomaton Parent Corporation Limited (hereafter called "the Corporation") referred to two important transactions, namely: (i) the formation of a Continental Company to operate machines in France, Germany, and other European countries (in respect of which a Contract had then been signed), and (ii) certain negotiations then pending in the United States of America.

Although so far back as June last the preliminary Contracts were signed for the first of these transactions, namely, the sale of rights and machines in France, Germany, and other European countries, the actual completion took place only on Tuesday last, the 27th November. The delay has been due (a) to certain legal difficulties which it became necessary to surmount in order to bring together the Banking and other interests in so many European countries, and (b) to the fact that the Purchasers were not prepared to complete until they had made a close investigation into the claims of the various Companies which have recently been floated in England, to exploit in England and elsewhere the so-called semi-automatic photographic machines, and had satisfied themselves that there is no risk of serious competition.

Contracts have now been signed and exchanged for the other transaction, namely, the development of the Corporation's interests in the Western Hemisphere, including the United States of America. In this connection, one of the Directors of the Corporation sailed for the United States on the 24th of this month in order to complete the financial arrangements.

The following statement, whilst enabling Shareholders to form for themselves an opinion of the value of the Corporation's assets, will at the same time generally outline the Directors' policy as to the future:—

SALE OF PATENT RIGHTS AND MACHINES

Contracts have now been concluded for the sale or license of the whole of the Corporation's Patent Rights (including Machines) in the following countries:—

- (a) To Société Continentale Photomaton:—France, Germany, Danzig, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Estonia, Lithuania, and Finland.
 - (b) To Photomaton Italiano, S.A.:—Italy.
 - (c) To Far Eastern Photomaton Corporation Limited:—The whole of the Far East, including India, China, Japan, Egypt, Federated Malay States and Java, Sumatra, and Borneo.
 - (d) To Photomaton (S.A.) Limited:—South Africa and the Gold Coast Colony.
 - (e) To an Australian Group:—Australia and New Zealand.
 - (f) To Photomaton Inc., U.S.A.:—The Dominion of Canada, Mexico, Guatemala, British Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Salvador, Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Bahamas Islands, Panama, and the whole of the Continent of Southern America, excepting British, Dutch and French Guiana.
 - (g) To various Companies in England:—The rights for various Counties in England.
- In addition, the Corporation has granted options to acquire Patent Rights (including machines) as follows:—
- (h) To Sociedad Anonima Espanola Photomaton-La Fotografia Perfecta:—Spain and Portugal.
 - (i) To a Scandinavian Group:—Sweden, Norway and Denmark.
 - (j) To a British Guiana Group:—British Guiana, Trinidad and Barbados.

PARTICULARS OF SALES

The particulars of the sales are briefly as follows:—

- (1) Société Continentale Photomaton. This Company has a capital of 52,500,000 French francs. Its Directors are the following:—

Monsieur Leon Pissard, Paris (Chairman).
 Monsieur Jacques Menasché, of Jacques Menasché & Cie., Banker, Paris.
 Monsieur Jacques Dubois, Industrialist, Paris.
 Monsieur Rodolphe Auguste d'Adler, of Spitzer & Cie., Banker, Paris.
 Monsieur Ernest Gutzwiller, Banker, Paris.
 Monsieur Gaëtan Carlier d'Odeigne, Banker, Brussels.
 Dr. Carl Bergmann, late Under-Secretary of State; Director of Reichsbahn Gesellschaft and of Lazard, Speyer-Ellissen & Co., Berlin.
 Dr. Georg Grabe, Director of Siemens & Halske A.-G., Berlin.

The Marquess of Winchester.
 Sir H. Cassie Holden.
 Carl A. Bendix, Esq.
 Keith Trevor, Esq., Paris.

The Corporation receives for the disposal of its rights 320,000 out of 500,000 Founders' Shares. In addition, Société Continentale Photomaton purchases from the Corporation a very large number of Photomaton machines at a small profit on cost, and the Corporation retains the exclusive right to supply upon advantageous terms all the sensitised photographic paper required for use in the machines operating in the countries controlled by Société Continentale Photomaton.

The 500,000 Founders' Shares are held in a pool out of which none can be sold at a price of less than 500 French francs per share. A large block of these shares has already been disposed of out of the pool at the price of 650 French francs per share, and, having regard to the demand for these shares following the arrangements which have already been concluded for the early opening of a large number of machine installations in the countries controlled by Société Continentale Photomaton, and to the very successful operation of existing Photomaton studios in France, Germany and elsewhere, the average sale price for the 320,000 Founders' Shares which will be secured by the Bankers operating the pool should be between 700 and 750 French francs per share, or an equivalent in sterling to a total price of between £1,700,000 and £1,900,000.

(2) Italy. The Board of Directors of Photomaton Italiana, S.A., include the Messrs Borletti, of Milan.

The Corporation receives £30,000 for the sale of its rights, and Photomaton Italiana, S.A., has also contracted to purchase a large number of machines. In addition, the Parent Corporation retains the exclusive right of supplying all sensitised photographic paper required for use in the Photomaton machines operated by Photomaton Italiana, S.A.

(3) Far Eastern Photomaton Corporation Limited. The names of the Directors of this Company have already been published in the Press. The Company is managed under the excellent auspices of Messrs. E. D. Sassoon & Company Limited.

The Corporation receives for the sale of its rights in the countries controlled by Far Eastern Photomaton Corporation Limited 2,000,000 shares of no par value in the Far Eastern Company, the value of which shares, at the present market price, is approximately £400,000. In addition the Corporation has received a sum of £35,000 cash profit in connection with the supply of sensitised paper, and has sold the Far Eastern Company a large number of machines.

The manufacture of Photomaton machines has only recently reached large scale production, and with the demand for the machines on the Continent and elsewhere, it has only recently been possible to start operations in the Far East. A preliminary survey of the vast territory to be covered and the numerous enquiries received have established that the demand for machines among the native populations is likely to exceed even that in Europe. The first batch of machines, with personnel, have been despatched, and the indications are such that the Directors are justified in anticipating in the future a very considerable appreciation in the value of the Corporation's shareholding.

(4) Photomaton (S.A.) Limited. This Company, which has been formed under the auspices of Mr. Isidore William Schlesinger, has a capital of £50,000 in 25,000 Preference Shares of £1 each, 250,000 "A" Deferred Shares of 1s. each and 250,000 "B" Deferred Shares of 1s. each.

The Corporation has received for the sale of its rights £12,500 in cash and the whole of the "B" Deferred Shares, credited as fully paid, that is, 50 per cent. of the equity.

(5) Australian Group. The rights for Australia and New Zealand have been acquired by a strong Company in Australia. The personnel and direction of the Company is such as will ensure the full co-operation of the great Kodak organization in Australia and in New Zealand. The basis of this transaction is cash profit on the sale of machines, which should amount to at least £20,000.

(6) Photomaton Inc., U.S.A. Photomaton Inc. has an issued capital of 20,000 Ordinary Shares of "A" Stock, 171,000 Ordinary Shares of "B" Stock, 870,000 dollars in Debentures, and 425,000 dollars of Preferred Stock.

To enable Photomaton Inc. to purchase from the Corporation the rights for the countries to be controlled by it, to redeem its Debentures, and to develop its own business in the United States on a considerable scale, a contract has been entered into whereby the "A" Stock and the "B" Stock will be merged into one class, which will then be increased to 500,000 shares. The Corporation to-day owns 6,666 shares of "A" Stock and 77,000 shares of "B" Stock, for which "A" and "B" Stock it will receive approximately 110,000 shares of the New Stock.

The Corporation also holds a certain number of the Debentures.

The Corporation will subscribe for a further 130,000 shares of the New Stock, thus aggregating its holding at 240,000 shares of the New Stock. The New Stock so purchased will not to any appreciable extent entail financial outlay by the Corporation, as the Stock will be issued partly in exchange for the Patent Rights for Canada, Mexico, South America, etc., and for machines and other benefits. Arrangements have reached an advanced stage with a group of leading Banking interests for the issue of the new capital and the marketing of the existing and New Stock at a figure which should in the near future ensure the sale of all the Corporation's holding (or so much thereof as it may desire to sell) at a price of between 35 and 40 dollars per share. This figure is partly based upon the present earnings of Photomaton Inc. The sale of the Corporation's entire holding on the above basis would yield the equivalent in sterling of from £1,680,000 to £1,920,000. The above arrangements are now being submitted to the shareholders of Photomaton Inc. for formal ratification.

(7) Various Companies in England. The amount already received by the Corporation for the sale of rights in England (excluding machines) is £89,500 in cash, and, in addition, a considerable profit is receivable by the Corporation for the sale of machines. The Corporation also reserves the exclusive right of supplying these Subsidiaries with sensitised paper.

(8) Sociedad Anonima Espanola Photomaton La Fotografia Perfecta. This Company has paid £5,000 for a short option to acquire the rights for Spain and Portugal, and if the option is exercised, will acquire a substantial number of machines at the further price of £45,000. The Corporation has also granted options for cash consideration for the acquisition of rights for Sweden, Norway, Denmark, British Guiana, Trinidad and Barbados, upon terms which the Directors consider to be advantageous to the Corporation.

MULTIPOSE.

The Corporation has recently acquired, upon very advantageous terms, the right to a share interest in a new Company (The Multipose Company) which will shortly be formed to acquire the rights for the whole world (other than the U.S.A.) in the "Multipose" Portable Camera—a compact and portable unit invented by Anatol Josepho (the inventor of "Photomaton"), consisting of camera, self-developer and enlarging equipment. The camera is capable of taking 36 still or snapshot photographs in succession. The developing process, which includes fixing and printing, can be done in broad daylight in a space of about 12 minutes and can be effected at a fraction of the cost of the completion of photographs by the ordinary method.

Negotiations are taking place with Messrs. Kodak, Ltd., for the distribution by them of a substantial portion of the "Multipose" camera output, and for the stocking of "Multipose" cameras and accessories in their shops and through their dealers.

The Corporation will acquire the sole world selling and distributing rights for the "Multipose" camera unit and the special sensitised photographic paper used therein. It will also have the exclusive right to sell this paper to the Multipose Company.

The Corporation also proposes to market the "Multipose" camera and to sell enlargements through its own Studios and through those of the Société Continentale and others. This arrangement will open up a new field of enterprise which should be very profitable to the Corporation.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

In order to give shareholders a summary of the approximate value of the Corporation's assets as at this date, the following items must be added to those given under the above paragraphs, which, in the aggregate, total £3,850,000 to £4,290,000—as a middle figure, say £4,070,000

Freehold and leasehold premises, fixtures and fittings, stocks of machinery, paper, chemicals and other sundry assets in England and elsewhere, approximately	£245,000
Debtors, cash paid in advance (less deposits received for machines sold) and cash in hand, approximately	£106,000
Profit on machines contracted to be sold but not delivered (not included in the above figures), approximately	£250,000
	<hr/> £4,671,000

NOTE.—The Corporation has also paid £130,000 for machines, which are being sold to the American Company, and for which credit has been taken in assessing the value of the new shares to be received in the American Company.

Liabilities.—A contract has been entered into whereby, through the sale of the Corporation's above-mentioned share interest in the Multipose Company, a sufficient sum in cash will be provided and applied to discharge the whole of the Corporation's ascertained liabilities (other than the deposits received for machines sold and taxation liability) as at this date. The Corporation's exclusive right to distribute the "Multipose" camera and to supply the sensitised paper used therein are not affected by this agreement.

Net Assets.—The figures set forth above, as representing the minimum market prices at which the various holdings should

be realized, have been furnished to the Directors by responsible Bankers, and other interested parties on the Continent and in America, and are considered by the Directors to be conservative and reliable. Based on these figures and subject to taxation, the net tangible assets as a result of the energetic exploitation of the Photomaton patents during the period of six months to date already amount to the equivalent of about 15s. per share. The rights for certain countries still remain unsold or under option and the proceeds resulting from the sale of these rights will add to the above figure, as also any appreciation in the value of various of the Corporation's holdings (including shares in the Far Eastern Company) which have been taken into account at cost or present market prices. No value has been placed upon the goodwill accruing from the rights of marketing the paper for "Photomaton" machines and "Multipose" cameras, the considerable income from which is an important and increasing factor in arriving at asset values. As an indication of this goodwill, an offer to acquire from the Corporation a half-interest in this Department for the sum of £250,000 was recently declined.

PHOTOMATON BUSINESS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND GENERALLY.

1. Local Progress.—The Directors have pleasure in reporting that the receipts from machines in their London and Provincial Studios continue to show satisfactory results.

Now that machines are available in large quantities, it is intended to instal machines in the British Isles at the rate of 50 per month. This programme will not involve any material increase in the overhead charges, and will automatically increase the profits by a considerable amount.

In the earlier days of the Company's trading operations, receipts were largely governed by the novelty appeal of the machines and the congestion in the studios made it difficult to develop the chief and more remunerative section of the business, namely, the sale of enlargements. Thus, in those earlier days the sale of the strips from the machines themselves formed the chief factor of revenue. In recent months, however, the Public has been educated to realize that the strips constitute merely the proof of what can now be classed as Portrait Studies equal to those produced by leading London photographers. As a result, the receipts from sales of Portrait Studies now exceed the receipts from the strips, and the gross takings in many studios are higher than ever before.

2. Standard of Portraiture.—Kodak Co-operation.—The technique and beauty of Photomaton Portrait Studies have now reached an extremely high standard. In this work Messrs. Kodak Ltd. have led the way, and through their vast organization have made arrangements all over the country to handle the great volume of enlargements which is the inevitable result of the Photomaton Process.

3. Arrangements with Stores and Photographers.—Arrangements have been completed with Messrs. Boots' Pure Drug Stores, Ltd. for the installation of Photomaton machines in their principal Branches throughout the British Isles. Machines are already in operation at certain of their Provincial Branches.

4. A further New Development.—A contract has been entered into with one of the foremost of the fashionable Photographers in the West of London, under which he will, in future, use Photomaton machines in his Portrait Studio to the exclusion of all other cameras.

5. Travelling Photomaton Lorries.—The first of these is now complete and ready for the road. Each lorry carries two machines and complete equipment. The itinerary will include not merely places where crowds congregate, but also the smaller towns and villages, with a view to serving those to whom at the moment the benefits of Photomaton are inaccessible.

6. Competition.—The Directors have nothing to add to their previous announcements on this subject. They have caused the fullest investigation and examination to be made from all angles into the claims of competitive "machines," and in the result have dismissed any fear of lasting or even temporary competition of any consequence from any of them.

FUTURE PROFITS

The Corporation's income in the future will be derived mainly from (i) the supply of and royalties payable upon the sensitised paper; (ii) the operation of the Corporation's own Studios in the British Isles; (iii) the supply of further machines as and when required; (iv) dividends from share-holdings not disposed of; and (v) the profits to be derived from the exclusive selling agency for the "Multipose" cameras and the supply of sensitised paper for these cameras.

DISTRIBUTION

The Directors have under consideration the question of some form of distribution of Assets. Their decision, however, on this matter will be governed by the result of negotiations of the utmost importance which are now taking place with powerful international interests in the Photographic World, with a view to financial association and trading co-operation. The Directors contemplate convening an Extraordinary General Meeting of Shareholders before the expiration of the Corporation's Financial Year to submit proposals for securing to the Shareholders the maximum advantages accruing from the position.

Copies of the above statement can be obtained from the Offices of the Corporation at Dorland House, 14 Regent Street, S.W.1, and Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

Company Meetings**PINCHIN JOHNSON & CO.**

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Ordinary shareholders of Messrs. Pinchin Johnson and Co., Limited, was held on December 5 at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, W.C.

Mr. Edward Robson (chairman) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. E. P. Thompson) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman, in proposing the resolutions for increase of capital, said: My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—From the notices of meeting which have already been circulated among you, you will have gathered the specific objects of this meeting, and it is unnecessary, therefore, for me to give any further explanation on this point.

At the same time I feel that the importance of the developments indicated in our notice is sufficient to justify me in taking up a little of your time to indicate more or less the effect of these extensions in regard to the future of our organisation.

The acquisition of two important Australian businesses, and a controlling share interest in the Indian undertaking, represent the natural effect of our definite policy of providing the organisation with efficient manufacturing facilities in those overseas markets where our sales are of serious importance, and where the expansion of our business necessitates local production arrangements additional to the resources of our British factories. We have always had very important sales associations in the markets referred to, and their development in recent years has not only made the provision of manufacturing facilities a necessity, but in addition we have to face the fact that in these markets tariff walls are being built up that make it increasingly difficult to trade profitably in those territories without local manufacturing resources.

The facilities which we have acquired have been obtained on terms that we consider eminently satisfactory to this company, and ensure the maintenance and future development of our trade in those markets in an increasingly profitable degree.

Now, with regard to the acquisition of the important group of four English businesses referred to in the notice of meeting, we think the reputation of those houses is sufficiently well known and of such high standing that it is unnecessary for me to say very much to justify this development. A point I should very much like to emphasise, however, is that the addition of those businesses to our organisation provides us with an undertaking of sufficient magnitude to enable us to develop our organisation on such lines that ensure the maximum of benefit to the trade, to shareholders, and to those associated with the conduct of the business.

These additions are not a mere haphazard collection of additional businesses, but they reflect the natural outcome of the definite policy of your board in the development and extension of the resources of the business. These extensions ensure, for instance, that we are able to provide technical and research facilities that are unique in this particular industry. Also, in the matter of production facilities, we are able, by a co-ordinated programme and by sound organisation of up-to-date mechanical and production devices, to ensure for our customers goods of outstanding merit that represent the highest degree of value in this trade.

PROPOSED BONUS SHARE ISSUE

Now, I want to refer to one other point in which I have no doubt all our shareholders are interested. At our annual general meeting in March last I referred to the probability of our being able to make an issue on bonus terms during the current year. The position, even at that time, and the prospects gave me confidence in putting forward the suggestion. I am pleased to tell you that the results of our trading and developments generally during the year have fully confirmed our anticipations, and it is the definite intention of your board to give effect to my suggestion.

Possibly some of you may feel a little disappointed if I am not able to announce to-day the terms upon which such issue is proposed to be made, but when I mention that your board consider it desirable first to ascertain the effect in our balance-sheet position of the recent acquisitions to our business—and incidentally I can assure you that these acquisitions have considerably enhanced our position in this respect—you will appreciate that your board are acting wisely in deferring any announcement until actual figures are available.

I would, however, state definitely to-day that such shares as are to be issued as a bonus will constitute a "free" bonus, and such additional shares will rank for dividend out of the profits of the company from January 1, 1929.

As to the progress of our business generally, this is not the occasion when it is possible to make any general review, but I am pleased to say that every unit of our organisation during the present year has shown an increased output and sales figure in every single month of the year, and I look forward with confidence to being able to present at our next annual meeting what I think will be a highly satisfactory state of affairs.

Mr. F. E. Powell seconded the resolutions, which were carried unanimously.

Mr. James Hamilton proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried with cheers.

The Chairman, after suitably responding, declared the meeting closed.

TATE & LYLE, LIMITED**IMPROVED TRADING RESULTS
REDUCTION OF SUGAR DUTY: SUBSTANTIAL
BENEFITS**

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Tate and Lyle, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., Sir Ernest W. Tate, Bart. (the President), in the chair.

The President said: The balance sheet now presented shows a considerable improvement on trading results over that of last year and the year before. It is due, firstly, to the policy of your Directors in thoroughly bringing the Refineries under their control up to the most modern requirements. Secondly, the changes in the rates of the Sugar Duty which had the effect of reducing the Import Duty by an amount equivalent to 2s. 4d. per cwt., or 4d. per lb. on the retail price of Refined Sugar. This was a statesmanlike and far-sighted policy, and great benefits to the trade of the country are already being felt. These benefits are not only to the Refining trade, but are carried far deeper. All British Refineries are working a much larger output than before the Budget, and one Refinery in Greenock which was closed has started up again. In our own case the average quantity of Raw Sugar melted in our three Refineries was 14,500 tons weekly. Since April we have melted an average of 22,000 tons weekly, that is an increase of 50 per cent., and the weekly capacity of our three Refineries is now 25,000 tons. This is being still further increased, and we hope to melt not far short of 30,000 tons weekly in the future.

Such big increases in output must result, as you will readily understand, in greatly increased employment for British labour. The beneficial effect on indirect trades such as Coal, Iron, Shipping, Charcoal, Engineering, etc., must be very great.

The imports of Foreign Refined and Unrefined White Sugars averaged over the last three years approximately 800,000 tons per annum. If these imports can be displaced by British Refined Sugars, the benefit to the Coal Industry would be over a quarter of a million tons per annum.

BENEFITING THE CONSUMER

Now what of the benefits to the consumer? A pledge was given by the Refiners to the Chancellor that the result of a change in the law on the subject would result in a reduction in the retail price to the consumer of at least 4d. per lb. This pledge has been loyally kept. The retail price of granulated sugar was reduced by 4d. per lb. on the day after the Budget, not only so, but a further reduction of 4d. per lb. took place about a month ago, though I will admit that a part of the last reduction was brought about by the fall in the world's price of Sugar.

A further benefit which has accrued as a result of the Government's policy is that the British Sugar Refiners and the British Beet Industry are now working in harmony, and I believe with a mutual desire to help one another wherever possible. A very important result of the legislation to the Beet Sugar Factories is that they are now able to refine imported Raw Sugar during the off season, and it is estimated that they melted over 53,000 tons of this sugar in the present year.

I will now say a few words about the Sugar Market. During the past two years a factor has been introduced into the Sugar Markets of the world which has interfered with the natural working of economic laws. I refer to the attempt made by the Cuban Government to raise the level of sugar prices to a more remunerative basis by means of crop restriction. This policy, whilst at first showing some signs of success, failed completely in its effect in the second year.

You will readily realise that this policy has made it even more difficult than normally, to form an opinion as to the possible course of the price of our chief raw material, but although the price of Raw Sugar has fluctuated during the past twelve months between 13s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. per cwt., I am in a position to state that adequate provision has been made in the accounts of the Company to meet the depreciated value of our Raw Sugar commitments.

With regard to the future, I have no hesitation in saying that if we could be certain of a continuity of the present Governmental policy, the British Refiners—together with the Home Grown Sugar Makers—would be in a position to supply the whole of the requirements of the United Kingdom at a price equivalent to the market price of the world, and this would mean a certainty of employment to many thousands of people, and I hope will bring beneficial results to the Shareholders.

I have to report that your Directors invited the Earl of Birkenhead to join the Board, that he accepted, and was elected by us, his appointment dating from November 1, 1928. His penetrating judgment and vast knowledge of affairs should, in my opinion, prove of great value to the Company.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.